





LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
M783t
v. 1

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

THEODOSIUS DE ZULVIN, THE MONK OF MADRID:

A SPANISH TALE,

DELINEATING
VARIOUS TRAITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

BY
GEORGE MOORE,
AUTHOR OF GRASVILLE ABBEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

O ever righteous Heaven ! canst thou suffer
This sacrilegious hypocrite, this spoiler,
To steal thy terrors and blaspheme thy name,
Nor doom him instant dead ?

MILLER'S *Tragedy of MAHOMET.*

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce ;
In Man they join to some mysterious use.
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade ;
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

POPE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW ;
By S. Hamilton, Falcon-Court, Fleet-Street.

1802.

V. 1

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

I SHOULD account myself truly ungrateful, was I to fail dedicating the following little work to you, under whose cheering sociality and friendly politeness the first ideas of it were formed.

The few years which have passed since that period may perhaps have produced various changes in the domestic circles whom I am now addressing; but the recollection of the happiness I once derived from them is too powerfully impressed upon my mind to fade under the absence of those who produced it.

The comforts which I experienced in your little island (during a winter remarkable for

its tedious gloom and severe inclemency) are not to be forgotten. It is a period I shall ever trace back, in a retrospection of past scenes and enjoyments, with infinite satisfaction.

By thus publicly acknowledging the high regard and esteem I shall always retain for my friends in the Isle of Wight, I both gratify my own wishes, in confirming I have not forgot the pleasures of their society, and pay a just tribute to that genuine hospitality, the virtues of which none can so justly define as the wandering traveller who receives them.

Tottenham Court Road,
June 4, 1802.

P R E F A C E.

I AM aware, that in submitting the Tale of Theodosius de Zulvin to the public, I not only hazard falling under the various degrees of criticism to which such works are subject, but likewise of being charged with an attempt to maintain opinions, relative to certain maxims of education, by some declared to be incorrect. I also anticipate, that perhaps to many to whom I am personally known, my exertions to illustrate those opinions may be considered as presumption, when they reflect I have had but a very few more years' experience to acquire them than the heroes of this tale whom I have chosen as my instruments for that purpose.

To these several points I can make but one answer. I in no respect wish to hold

forth my sentiments to the world, either with the obstinacy of one who is wrapt up in a perfect confidence that he cannot err, or under a degree of proud and sullen assertion which might urge me to defy conviction from superior talent and more mature judgment.

I submit them to general inspection, rather with diffidence as to the errors they may contain, than prompted by a sanguine hope that they must be faultless ; and while I claim the common right of every individual, to form ideas of my own, unbiassed by those of others, I shall always be willing to resign such conceptions, when convinced they are founded on wrong principles, or mistaken notions.

With respect to the few pieces of poetry interspersed through the work, it will be necessary to give some account of them. Those which are not my own are marked with an asterisk ; and I became possessed of them under the following circumstances.

At the latter end of 1798 I was called by

professional concerns to the Isle of Wight, and was situated on the remote part of Sandown Bay, in the December of that year; at the time the *Henry Addington*, an East-Indiaman outward bound, was wrecked off Foreland Ledge, on the night of an extreme fog; by which the vessel was entirely destroyed, and the chief of her cargo lost.

A few days after this event, I was presented by a labouring man with a manuscript, containing a few leaves, which he informed me he had taken up from the shore, among other trivial articles, from the wreck of the *Henry Addington*.

The paper when I received it was extremely damp, but the writing in no respect obliterated. It contained several little poems, which are introduced in this work; namely, "Lines written in a walk dedicated to Melancholy." "Translation of a Greek Epitaph." "Reply to Dr. Percy's 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?'" "Sequel of *Auld Robin Gray*." "Inscriptions in a Hut

in a beautiful Situation in the Highlands ;” and “ The Withered Violet ”—Before the three last was the following paragraph :
 “ The three following inscriptions were written by Mr. Mackenzie, author of the Man of Feeling, and were never printed.”

The man would not permit me to purchase the original. I was therefore necessitated to content myself with taking a copy.

On my return to London in the autumn of 1799, I resolved on collecting those materials which I had already formed in parts for the following Tale ; and likewise determined to introduce in it the fugitive poetry which I had so strangely become possessed of in the Isle of Wight ; prefixing to the three pieces already mentioned the name of him who, according to the paragraph at the head of them, I supposed to be their author.

These resolutions were taken under a full supposition that Mr. Mackenzie was no more. I can only account for having im-

bibed this idea through reading his excellent little novel of *The Man of Feeling* at a very early part of my life, recollecting it was not a late publication, and never having heard its author mentioned as being still living.

More material concerns prevented a rapid progress of my work, when, in May 1801, I by chance observed in a daily paper * a paragraph which related the death of Mr. Mackenzie at Edinburgh a few days before, occasioned by a fall from his horse. On the following morning the same paper contradicted its former assertion.

After receiving this information, that Mr. Mackenzie was still in existence, I immediately resolved to write to him an account of the manner in which I discovered the little poems that bore his name ; at the same time offering him copies of what I had in my possession.

Mr. Mackenzie, in his answer, informed me, he recollected the two first to be his

* The Morning Chronicle.

production, but that *The Withered Violet* he rather supposed to be the work of some other person; for although he had formerly written some lines on a similar subject, they did not bear that title. Mr. Mackenzie likewise, in the most friendly terms, offered me his poems for the purpose I had before intended them, at the same time requesting copies of those I had in my possession.

I am happy in thus having an opportunity of publicly returning him thanks for his politeness, and expressing that high gratification I experience, in being allowed to place them in my little work. The author of the remaining poems is still unknown to me; yet I am happy to avail myself of the merit I conceive they possess, by inserting them. The "*Lines to a Primrose*," "*Serenade to Cassandra*," and "*The Midnight Hymn*," are my own. The two former have before been published in the *European Magazine*.

THE
MONK OF MADRID,

A SPANISH TALE.

CHAP. I.

Oh, my heart's treasure ! is this pale sad visage
All that remains of thee ? Oh, heavy hour !
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art !—
What, must we part, then ?

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

“FATHER of heaven ! whose all-seeing eye penetrates into the deep recesses of the human soul, and encircles in one view the prosperous, elevated, and happy, with the abject, miserable, and distressed, look down on one whose grief threatens to overcome his reason—whose mental anguish will drive him to distraction. Oh God !

preserve the beloved, the expiring object on which I now gaze ; divide not two hearts whose existence seems entwined with each other, and whose separation must annihilate every hope of future comfort to the survivor." Such was the whispered ejaculation of Alphonso de Mellas, as he hung over his dying wife. The scene was awful and affecting ; it was midnight ; in one part of the room, on a bed from which she had not been removed for many weeks, lay the pale emaciated form of the late blooming Matilda de Mellas. Her fine dark eyes, which once had beamed with sensibility and tenderness, now sunk and lifeless, were fixed on vacancy, while her short and painful breathings were continually interrupted by convulsive sighs. Her young husband watched over her in speechless misery ; his burning tears fell upon her bosom, as he damped his handkerchief with the last perspiring drops of expiring nature.

On the other side knelt an aged priest : his hands were clasped together, and his face lifted towards heaven under the most pious form, while his whole soul appeared

wrappt in fervent prayer. A lamp at the opposite part of the chamber shed its faint rays on his pale yet expressive features ; and the opening of his large black cowl discovered a countenance the most mild and benevolent. An elderly woman, who officiated as nurse, administered every five minutes a reviving cordial to her patient ; while a young girl, who was seated near her, with two beautiful twin children (about nine months old) on her lap, closed the wretched and melancholy group. Alphonso sometimes withdrew his eyes from the bed, and placed them on his little ones ; but his emotions then became too great for concealment, and seemed bordering on phrensy. Donna Melicent de Gaustivus entered the apartment : she was nearly related to Matilda, and had lately arrived at Valencia. Having retired at the fore part of the evening, she now came to relieve the nurse, who was nearly exhausted for want of rest ; and likewise to renew her persuasions with Alphonso to quit the sick chamber. He had not received the refreshment of an hour's repose for five nights. Matilda had taken

leave of him and her children at an early hour in the morning, during the last interval she enjoyed of reason : every effort had proved fruitless since that time to remove him from her side : the priest at length joined his entreaties to those of Donna Melicent, and they forced him out of the room. The unhappy husband threw himself distractedly on his bed, and gave vent to the most violent effusions of sorrow. Worn out with anxiety and loss of sleep, after some little time he fell into a feverish slumber. The most distressing visions floated before him : he saw the figure of his wife, adorned with the same glow of health and beauty as when he first knew her. He gazed with rapture, he heard her speak, he listened with admiration while she sung a favourite air, and he beheld her clasp their children to her heart with her usual tenderness. His bliss was unbounded, and he awoke. Gracious God ! what were his sensations ! He wept in agony. Again he fell into a state of tormenting forgetfulness, and again his disordered brain brought forth phantoms to his

harassed imagination. He beheld his two sons at some distance arrived at the prime of manhood : their forms and deportment were equally noble and interesting, and he watched their approach towards him with all the impatience of a fond parent. As Orlando (the eldest by a few hours) came nearer, there was perceivable a peculiar wildness in his eyes, and every feature gradually underwent a most terrific change as he slowly approached. Alphonso involuntarily shuddered as the youth extended his arms to embrace him ; in the act of which he drew a poniard from his cloak, and aimed it at the breast of his father. Osmund, his brother, at that moment snatched the fatal instrument from his hand, and the parricide form of Orlando sunk into a flame of vivid fire. Alphonso started from his bed with horror, and, almost insensible of his actions, hurried to the room he had so lately left. If it *then* appeared gloomy, that *gloom* was now considerably increased : the reverend priest, Donna Melicent, and the children, were not to be seen : the flame from the lamp was nearly expiring, and the furniture

was drawn close round the bed : his palpitating heart foreboded his apprehensions were confirmed, and that it was now indeed the *chamber of death*. Gasping for breath, his hand convulsively drew the curtains aside, and he beheld his Matilda a corpse. He saw no more, but sunk senseless by her side. Donna Melicent entered in the course of a few minutes : she had only left the apartment to conduct the children and their young attendant to her own room, and to dispatch the nurse for Alphonso's two uncles, who had the day before arrived from a distant province to give some consolation to the troubles of their nephew. Astonished and alarmed at the sight of the young man in so dreadful a state, she immediately used every effort to recover him, and sent a boy, who lived in the same house, for the physician that had attended the deceased Matilda. He arrived nearly at the same time with Don Diego and Don John de Mellas, and pronounced the unfortunate Alphonso under the commencement of a brain fever. He had the night before walked two miles through a continued shower of rain to the

house of a druggist, who had neglected to send some medicines that were particularly required. His clothes were entirely wet ; and his attention being too much engrossed to change them, they slowly dried upon his body ; by which means the cold he received, added to the violent agitation of his mind, produced those alarming symptoms which now began to appear. Proper attendance was procured by his uncles, who likewise gave every necessary order for the funeral of his wife. In less than a week the remains of Matilda de Mellas were conveyed to the grave, followed by her aunt, Don Diego, and Don John, while the unhappy husband was obliged to be confined in his bed by four men. In a few days after the fever arrived at its height, faint hopes were given of his recovery ; and in less than a fortnight he was declared out of danger. The derangement of his intellects, however, still continued : for some time it was supposed excessive weakness might be the cause ; but his friends at last received the melancholy information from his physicians, that it was their firm opinion the fever had, to

all probability, settled on his brain. It was now necessary some method should be taken for the care of Alphonso and his infants. His uncles, after some inquiries, found a house open for the reception of maniacs, where the expense which attended their support prevented an unlimited number from being admitted, and where every attention and care was paid to the unfortunate inhabitants. It was agreed that Donna Melicent should for the present have the charge of the children, and take them with her to her own residence. These preliminaries being settled, and Alphonso conveyed to his melancholy abode, Don Diego and Don John de Mellas (after having discharged every debt that their nephew had contracted during his late sickness, as well as the lodgings and the nurse) departed for their separate habitations in Andalusia; while Donna Melicent de Gaustivus, with the twins and Stella their attendant, set forward towards her humble abode at Alva in Leon.

CHAP. II.

Who now your infant steps shall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone

To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!

LYTTELTON.

DONNA Melicent de Gaustivus was the second daughter of respectable yet not affluent parents in the province of Leon. Both herself and sister, totally unbiassed in their choice, married early, and nearly at the same period. Melicent gave her hand to an officer in the Spanish service, who was daily in hopes of promotion: unfortunately, however, he was summoned to the duty of his profession in a war which commenced about that time, and was necessitated to leave his young wife in an advanced state of pregnancy eight months after their union. In a few weeks she received information of

his having fallen in the service of his country. The shock of this intelligence destroyed the fatherless infant which the afflicted mother would otherwise have presented to the world, while the recent death of both her parents served to render her situation still more distressing. In the midst of these calamities she had also to encounter the dreadful anticipation of pecuniary embarrassment, as the small legacy shared with her sister at the decease of their father, she had dedicated to the payment of some debts which her husband had contracted, whose income had been by no means sufficient to keep up that appearance his station and interest demanded. These difficulties with respect to a future subsistence were shortly obviated ; for the king generously settled on her a small annuity for life, as a reward for the past services of Don Philip de Gaustivus.

Donna Melicent, whose yearly stipend was by no means calculated for the support of a family, under the influence of a good heart cheerfully began to retrench some few comforts she had enjoyed, to form a ba-

lance against her present addition in expenses. Such precautions, however, at the end of three months she discovered to be entirely unnecessary, by a letter she received in the joint names of Don Diego and Don John de Mellas, which inclosed a sum fully equivalent to the cost of the children, and in which they gave her to understand she would receive quarterly a certain allowance for the same purpose, that should be regularly increased as the twins became older. Donna Melicent found these promises faithfully fulfilled in the three following quarters, while her care and tenderness to the infants served greatly to lessen the magnitude of the loss they had sustained. At the end of the year, the packet which brought her remittance from Andalusia contained information that gave her equal surprise and pleasure.

It mentioned that Alphonso was so far recovered as to be declared by the physicians of the house where he was placed in a proper state to receive his liberty, and that Don Diego and Don John had left Andalusia for the purpose of immediately

releasing him from his confinement. This intelligence was in the course of a week followed by a letter in Alphonso's handwriting, where he mentioned that he hoped to clasp his little ones to his heart in less than a fortnight. Donna Melicent anticipated, with all the fervor of a benevolent mind, the feelings of the father at the sight of his boys under the full bloom of health and beauty. Conscious of the maternal attention with which she had watched over them, she proudly partook of those sensations which a confirmation of acting right is always sure to inspire.

Her expectations were by no means damped on his arrival: he caught the twins to his breast with a wildness of rapture which made his friends tremble at the possibility of a relapse in his disorder, while, as they incircled their little arms round his neck with all the playful familiarity of infancy, he saw in every smile and feature the countenance of his beloved and much regretted Matilda. Nor were his expressions of gratitude to his friends for the care they had received, less ardent, than his joy in

seeing them the objects of the most tender affection.

In the course of the day Donna Melicent was informed of the proposal that had been made to Alphonso for the further re-establishment of his health. Some affairs between the court of Madrid and the king of Naples required that a confidential person should be dispatched from the Spanish monarch to Sicily; and Don John de Mellas, since the knowledge of his nephew's recovery, had so far exerted his interest with the minister as to procure the king's mandate for the presentation of the embassy to himself, under the promise of getting it transferred to Alphonso, should he be approved of by the council, as his representative. This station was particularly desirable, both with respect to the emoluments arising from it, and the prospect it held forth of promotion in state affairs. It likewise offered to Alphonso an opportunity of eradicating that depression of spirits from which he still seemed totally unable to recover, by forcing him into life and action, and presenting to his mind a continual di-

versity of scenes and objects. He received assurances (the sincerity of which had been confirmed to him by experience) of the attention that should be paid to his children during his absence. The brothers, however, by no means laid any particular *stress* upon his accepting this offer, but generously agreed, if his ideas led him to other views, to settle on him an income which would at once procure him every comfort that could be purchased.

Alphonso, whose soul recoiled at the idea of remaining under a continued obligation, declared his willingness to grasp at any opportunity which might enable him to support himself and boys independent of pecuniary assistance. This point being settled, Don John wrote to his friend at Madrid, expressing his wish to resign the post with which he had been lately honoured, to his nephew; and they were obliged to follow this letter as soon as possible. Their stay at Alva was but a few days, and the departure of Alphonso from the twins was marked with similar affecting emotions as when he first embraced them on his arrival.

Donna Melicent soon heard of his having obtained the appointment : at the end of two months she received from him a letter, which he wrote the day before he left Madrid for the sea-port where he was to embark. He once more mentioned the happiness he received in the idea of his children being placed under her protection, and the pleasure he anticipated of again embracing them in a few months, with the power of making her some amends for her goodness. He concluded with a heart-felt farewell to herself and his little ones. Donna Melicent wept over this epistle. It breathed in every line a mind sinking under the weight of the most severe despondency. She had known him the gay, the happy Alphonso ; and the ideas which brought those scenes to her memory were so united with the remembrance of her beloved niece, that her tears flowed plentifully from a double source. She anxiously waited for her next quarterly remittance, under the expectation that she should then hear some intelligence of him. She was however informed that none had been re-

ceived. In a few weeks she understood from public report, that it was universally supposed either the vessel in which he sailed had been lost in some heavy storms which happened soon after the commencement of his voyage, or was taken by one of the Algerine corsairs which infested the Adriatic seas. Donna Melicent under the utmost distress wrote to Andalusia concerning the dreadful suppositions which were circulated, and received an answer from the uncles which by no means quieted her alarms. It appeared to confirm all she had heard, and only concluded with the feeble comfort that there were some hopes the general conjecture might be erroneous, on which account the government had already given orders for the truth, if possible, to be ascertained. A few months brought another letter from Andalusia, which mentioned that the fate of the unfortunate Alphonso appeared certain beyond the slightest doubt ; as the remainder of a wreck had been discovered, which proved to be parts of the very ship in which he had taken his passage, and that the bodies of several of

the crew had been found and recognised. The uncles pathetically regretted the loss of their nephew, and requested that Donna Melicent would continue her charge of the twins till they should arrive at a more advanced age, when each had agreed to take one under his particular care. The old lady received this mournful information with the most unfeigned distress; and while she determined to dedicate every hour to the happiness and improvement of her orphan charge, she shed many tears as a tribute of the affection she possessed for their parents.

The twins daily improved in health, beauty, and understanding. Their young minds were bent with the most tender and assiduous care towards the principles of every moral and social virtue. Under these circumstances Orlando and Osmund attained their tenth year. They received the first rudiments of education with a docility which gave sanguine expectations of future excellence. The most enlarged and liberal sentiments were conveyed to them by their aunt, in a plain and simple language suited to the limited capacity of a child. Their

first conceptions were moulded under the dictates of humanity, not by any metaphysical instructions, which told them they must practise it as a virtue, because it was considered under that *name*, but by practical lessons which struck deeply to the heart, and which appealed only to the feelings of human nature. The fly was not tormented for their amusement, and the reason fully urged under the pathetic plea of the poor insect's sufferings while it gave them a trivial and passive pleasure. The prisoned mouse (which, by the example of their school-fellows, they were taught to receive amusement in tormenting) found a powerful pleader in the humble diction of Donna Melicent; who, instead of exerting her authority in behalf of the little trembler, proved a lowly suitor for its release; urging the agonies its frame would undergo; the anguish, the misery it would experience; requesting for a moment they would place themselves in the situation of the poor defenceless animal, and consider if it was right, wantonly to agonize and destroy that creature, which had received the breath of life

from the same source that formed them so superior to the victim they were going to torture. The young bosoms of the twins would heave high during these descriptions from their aunt; and while they eagerly ran to release the respited mouse, their tears would fall plentifully on its cage as a proof of the conviction they felt.

The period was now arrived which had been fixed upon by Don Diego and Don John to take the lads under their own care; and Donna Melicent received a letter from Andalusia, which mentioned, that in the following month they intended once again to visit her at Alva for that purpose. The old lady stifled her grief at the prospect of parting with them, under the consideration of the benefit they would receive by the change, as there was little doubt but they would be considered as the adopted children of their uncles. The fascinating endearments of infancy had bound them to her with the same ties of affection she would have felt for her own offspring; and as the time of their departure drew near, she felt the power they possessed over her heart with

double force. Don Diego and Don John de Mellas were punctual to their appointed time. Donna Melicent received them with pleasure mixed with a melancholy she felt at the recollection of their last visit. Nor were the uncles insensible to similar feelings; they had entertained the highest regard for their nephew, and the present meeting called forth sensations too forcible to be concealed. Charmed with the engaging manners and uncommon sensibility of the boys, they beheld their regret at parting with their adopted mother under the most favourable considerations. They remained at Alva but a few days.

The morning at length came that was to divide Orlando and Osmund from their first home and local connections. Their hearts were too full to answer the last adieu which Donna Melicent could with difficulty articulate, and the carriage was some distance before they ventured to take their handkerchiefs from their eyes. They gazed on every object in mournful silence as they swiftly passed through the town; and when for the last time, on an eminence at some con-

siderable distance, they could just perceive in the horizon the range of buildings in which stood the habitation of their aunt, it was in vain they strove to overcome their emotions ; while their uncles forbore to interrupt a sorrow, the source of which they venerated and esteemed. After the first day new scenes began to have some claim on their attention ; which added to the soothings of Don Diego and Don John, served to mitigate their distress ; and they passed through the remainder of their travelling with some degree of pleasure.

It had been settled by the uncles, that Don Diego, as the elder, should take Orlando the eldest boy, and Don John the youngest. They closed their journey at the house of the latter in Seville. Don Diego remained with his brother but a week :—the gaiety of Don John's manner of living by no means suited his disposition. The twins had then another trial to undergo in their own separation ; but the promise of their seeing each other every year served to lessen their regret. At an early hour in the morn-

ing fixed for their departure, Don Diego, accompanied by Orlando, gladly threw himself into the coach that was to convey them to his solitary castle, situated near sixty miles from Seville, and in one of the most remote parts of Andalusia.

CHAP. III.

Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works !

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

ALPHONSO de Mellas was the only child of Don Manuel of Madrid, who inherited from his father an equal fortune with his two brothers ; which, though not competent to support a splendid establishment, was equal to a moderate and comfortable subsistence. Don Manuel, who in no respect possessed the national inactivity so predominant in his countrymen, resolved to share a part of those profits arising from the manufactories of Spain which were chiefly engrossed by foreigners. For this purpose he took leave of his friends, and removed to Cadiz, where he soon entered into very extensive concerns in the silk merchandize. In less than twelve months he married the only daughter of a rich factor, who not only presented him with a hand-

some fortune on the day of his nuptials, but considerably aided him by his interest and connections in trade. Don Manuel in a short time became the father of a fine boy : the affections of both parents were centred in this object of their love, for no further increase of family tended to divide their parental care. The young merchant found his traffic rapidly increase ; in a very short time he saw himself at the head of the mercantile profession, both in extent and reputation. At the expiration of eighteen years (in the course of which he received a considerable sum by the death of his father-in-law), Don Manuel accumulated a fortune beyond even his utmost expectations. Urged by that pride of ostentation which was the leading trait of his character, he resolved to return to Madrid, surrounded by the splendor his immense wealth was competent to support, and, by the sumptuous manner of his living, prove to the world his superiority over his two brothers, who had remained contented with their moderate paternal legacy. Sanguine in every scheme he projected, he now began to settle his

affairs, and make preparations for quitting Cadiz, under the positive and earnest views of a man who conceives nothing can frustrate his designs; but unfortunately his wife, in the act of choosing the colour of their equipage, in which they were to make their entrée into Madrid, dropped suddenly dead at his feet in a fit of apoplexy. Don Manuel, whatever were his failings, certainly possessed for *her* a most unaffected and sincere regard. Long inured to prosperity and uninterrupted felicity, he felt this sudden blow of misfortune with all the force of one who believes himself perfectly secure, and invulnerable to every attack. He had no fortitude of mind to withstand affliction, but sunk under his sorrows with a pusillanimity which confirmed them to be the first he had ever experienced. For six months he was totally incapable to attend to any part of his business; and for a considerable time the most serious alarms were entertained for his life. The consideration of the confused state in which his affairs remained, in the midst of his settlements, was perhaps the most forcible incitement that

could have roused him from his melancholy lethargy. Several of his friends interfered ; and representing the disordered state of his accounts, he once again moved in the midst of his mercantile concerns. As the poignancy of his grief gradually decreased, his ambition returned if possible with greater strength from the dormant state in which sorrow had for a small interval lulled it in his bosom. He yet determined in part to pursue his former favourite schemes, and consequently still continued to bring his business to a conclusion. Alphonso, in whom all his hopes and extended views were centred, had been so far brought up under the tenderest care and attention : no expense had been spared in the early part of his education, while the quickness of his capacity, and the elegance of his form and manners, fully answered the expectations of his father. As the splendid settlement of his son was now the principal point in Don Manuel's speculative ideas of aggrandizing his name, he wished to qualify him for the elevated sphere of life in which it was his intention to introduce him ; and for

that purpose he resolved to send him to Salamanca, to finish those studies he had already commenced with considerable success. Still labouring under a depression of spirits, that at intervals threatened the most serious consequences, and as travelling had been advised as the most likely remedy to eradicate it, he determined to make a voyage to Mexico upon some advantageous dealings in the diamond trade, which business he had before the death of his wife resolved to transact by means of his principal clerk. This clerk, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, he now determined should attend Alphonso in capacity of a private governor or tutor—as a monitor over his son's morals and a spy upon his actions—lest he should fall into any connections below that dignified circle in which it was his desire he should be initiated. Under such precautions he conceived he might be able to remain abroad some few years, if he had prospects of still adding to that mass of wealth he had already acquired. Signor Tapardo (the appointed governor) had or-

ders the most positive to keep a strict eye over his pupil, and give timely information should any events occur that might threaten the least opposition to his patron's wishes. To make these commands (which were given under a tone and disposition of severity inherent in Don Manuel's nature) more palatable, he settled on him a salary that at once dubbed him a man of very handsome independence. In the course of a few months he closed the whole of his accounts; and having taken an affectionate leave of his son, who with Tapardo set off towards Salamanca, on the following day he himself embarked for Mexico.

Seignor Tapardo in vain strove to dispel the melancholy of his pupil, occasioned by his first leaving home and separation from his friends:—he descanted on the beauties of the prospects as they passed, and the grandeur of those they were to see, with all the consequence of a traveller, and with a volubility peculiar to himself; although he had never before been twenty miles from the counting-house stool on which he was

continually perched, or witnessed very few prospects except the church-yard which faced Don Manuel's ware-rooms.

Alphonso, by the order of his father, remained a fortnight with each of his uncles on the road; after which they proceeded immediately to Salamanca. On their arrival Tapardo hired handsome apartments, and presented those letters of introduction for his pupil which had been intrusted to him by Don Manuel. Through the exertions of these persons, who were mostly people of considerable note, the young Spaniard was shortly entered at one of the principal universities, and recommenced his studies with increased assiduity.

Five years now passed forward without any material occurrence. Alphonso's improvements were such as the fondest parent might have viewed with rapture, while the consequence and importance of his tutor daily increased. Tapardo had regularly written his patron an account of the progress and attainments of his son, while he informed him his conduct was such as might

lead him to expect his utmost wishes would be fulfilled.

It was about this period when Alphonso one evening as he was coming out of the cathedral, accompanied by his tutor, felt his cloak suddenly pulled by some one behind him. He instantly turned round, and beheld an elderly and decrepit woman, who in a whisper desired him to follow her. Supposing it the signal for some private amour, he directly complied with her request; while Tapardo, who walked extremely erect, unconscious of his absence, proceeded on for a considerable time without knowing he was alone. He stopped suddenly at the discovery; when gazing round him with a most unmeaning stare for a few minutes, he continued the same solemn step towards his own lodgings.

In the mean time Alphonso followed his guide a considerable distance, through a number of small streets with which he was little acquainted, till his patience became nearly exhausted, and cooler thoughts began to whisper to him that there might be

some danger in the adventure : under these apprehensions he addressed the old woman for the first time since he had begun to follow her, and declared he would go no farther unless she would acquaint him where their journey was to end. "Ask no questions," returned the guide: "you will shortly be repaid for all your trouble." Again the warm and youthful imagination of Alphonso urged him to suppose she would lead him to some affair of gallantry, and he continued to follow her without farther objection. At length they arrived in a dark street where only a single lamp could be perceived ; and at the door over which it hung she halted, and taking a key from her pocket soon threw it open. Alphonso could see nothing but a gloomy passage, and a glimmering light at the farther end. His suspicion returned, and he refused to enter. The old woman sullenly told him he might remain where he was. He still wavered in what manner he should act ; when moving rather nearer the entrance she gave him a sudden push, and instantly closed the door. They were now in almost total darkness, and he was warmly

going to remonstrate, when she told him she hardly could have believed he had been such a novice in amours, as to be terrified at a situation which three parts of the scholars of Salamanca would have thought themselves blest to be engaged in. These insinuations against his courage again silenced Alphonso; and finding no advantage taken of his present state, he followed his guide to the bottom of the passage. It opened to a small circular lobby, through which they ascended to a beautiful garden. Alphonso now began to be convinced the old woman had spoken truly, and that he should shortly be introduced to some lovely incognita. The walks appeared laid out with great taste, while a few lamps, at some distance from each other, gave but an imperfect light. "This is the very place for an assignation!" whispered the elated youth to himself, while his thanks to the old woman were the most earnest and extravagant. They shortly discovered a female figure in white; to whom Alphonso was instantly conducted, and the old guide disappeared. The lady was veiled; her figure seemed elegant and majestic. In a soft low

voice, by no means void of harmony; she thus addressed the student: "Seignor chevalier, you are doubtless surprised at an introduction of this kind to a stranger, so entirely different from the accustomed rules and etiquette observed by the world. It is therefore necessary you should be informed, I am one who despise its maxims, and am above its precepts. I gratify my own wishes without any consultation of those punctilios which would sometimes cross my inclinations, and put every desire in practice without regulating them by a set of rules, which as I have never subscribed to in opinion I conceive I have no right to obey. In truth, I have seen you several times at the cathedral. I liked your person, and wished for your acquaintance; therefore took this method to procure an interview."

Alphonso, though astonished at the abruptness of her declaration, possessed too much gallantry to be abashed by it, and returned a suitable answer. The evening was delightful; the young scholar breathed the softest vows of love in a manner which gave the lady no room to com-

plain of want of warmth or animation in his behaviour. After sauntering to some distance they arrived at a wide gravel walk that led to an illuminated saloon. This building, which was both fanciful and elegant, they entered through a pair of handsome folding sashes, which opened to a flight of marble steps. The internal part was circular, and decorated with paintings, by the best masters, placed in the pannels, and surrounded with gilt mouldings. Looking-glasses of a very extensive size, the whole height of the room, were fixed at several parts, and served to render its appearance still more superb. The top opened in a large dome, formed into a transparency admirably executed. The chairs and sofas were of a pale blue satin ornamented with silver fringe. In the centre was placed a table covered with the most choice wines and fruits, and decorated by artificial flowers, which formed an airy covering on the top, and intersected at certain parts of the cornice in large and rich festoons. It seemed a temple dedicated to voluptuous pleasure. The lady seated herself on a sofa, and re-

requested he would partake of some refreshment. The enamoured youth, in the most warm and passionate language, requested to see her face. His arm encircled her waist with the most amorous fervour; and inroaching upon an affected diffidence which appeared in her manner, he ventured to draw away the lace which he supposed concealed the features of an angel; when, to his inexpressible chagrin and confusion, he beheld a face excessive ordinary by nature and wrinkled by age. The veil dropped at his feet, and his arm involuntarily shrunk from the form it had embraced. The female, with a countenance agitated with rage and disappointment, was going to remonstrate, when she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of the old woman, who addressing herself to her mistress informed her the marquis was returned. The lady rose with considerable alarm, and, desiring her, under the name of Alice, to conduct the chevalier the way he came, precipitately left the saloon. Happy to be released from so embarrassing a situation, Alphonso arose with pleasure to depart; when the

shrieks of a female voice struck his ear, and occasioned him to inquire from whence they came. His guide answered surlily, that she hoped he would make haste, and not stand asking questions about a foolish squeamish girl, who was always alarming the house by her ridiculous cries if a man attempted to speak to her. Alphonso, by no means satisfied with this reply, and hearing the cries repeated, determined to search into the cause: he knew it was not the voice of the lady who had just left him; and by the circumstances he had already witnessed, he had no very favourable opinion of the inhabitants of a place to which he had been so strangely introduced. It was in vain the old woman attempted to hurry him away with her repeated exclamations, that the marquis would discover him. He had no weapon of defence: but fortunately, in searching the saloon, he found a sword; and immediately pushing the old woman on one side, he rushed to that part of the garden from whence the noise proceeded. He shortly arrived at the spot, which was no great distance, and perceived, by the light

of some coloured lamps that hung near, a young man, splendidly drest, taking every advantage of the unprotected state in which he forcibly detained a female apparently very young, and insulting her with the most unmanly freedoms. The youth started at his approach, and, relinquishing his hold of the terrified girl, demanded, in a rage, who and what he was that dared to intrude upon him in so bold a manner. Alphonso, in no respect alarmed at his passion, declared it was his intention to release the young woman from his power at the hazard of his life. He received no answer from the young man, who instantly drawing his sword rushed on him with considerable fury. Alphonso for some time merely defended himself from his repeated thrusts ; but finding he ran great danger in not acting more upon the offensive, he was necessitated to change his manner, and his antagonist shortly after fell senseless and to all appearance dead at his feet. By this time the old woman had arrived at the place ; and observing the bleeding body, which lay extended on the earth, she began to utter very loud cries, declaring the young

lord Mazento was murdered. Alphonso in vain attempted to silence her by his threats. He now beheld himself in a very dangerous and critical situation. He knew the marquis Mazento to be a nobleman of considerable rank and power, and Alice had discovered that it was his son who had fallen. He perceived there was no time to be lost in his escape, and, turning to the young female, who almost speechless supported herself against a tree, demanded if she wished to quit the place. She answered in the affirmative; upon which he commanded the old woman to conduct them to the part where he entered. After some hesitation she complied; and, having produced the keys, they arrived at the lobby, and Alphonso locked the door which led to the garden on the inside. They then proceeded to the other that opened into the street, which he also fastened on the outside, leaving his old guide barricaded between the two, uttering the most doleful lamentations. Alphonso was certain there was no danger of her being confined there longer than the morning, as that part would be the first search-

ed when the body of the young lord was discovered. Assisted by the directions of his fair companion, he soon arrived at the house of a young cavalier who had been a fellow-student, but who was now settled by his father on a handsome establishment. They consulted for some little time on the most proper methods to be taken; and it was resolved that he should not, at all events, return to his lodgings. Alphonso understanding from the young female that she wished to be conveyed to the habitation of her aunt, who resided at Alva, some miles distant from Salamanca, he resolved to convey her there himself, by the assistance of his friend, who offered his own carriage and servants to prevent suspicions, and who promised to make Tapardo acquainted with the whole affair.

In about half an hour they quitted the city, and Alphonso had then an opportunity of observing more particularly the young creature whom he had rescued from insult under the most imminent danger. The hurry and confusion in which they were involved during the time they were waiting

for the carriage, did not prevent him from discovering she was a lovely girl of about twenty; and he now found the simplicity of her manner, and unaffected behaviour, were equal to the elegance of her form and the agreeable contour of her countenance. The artless and undisguised fears which she expressed for his safety, would have warmed a heart less susceptible of female beauty than Alphonso's; and although they were then merely the effusions of gratitude, still they served to heighten her charms and animate every feature.

After some hours quick travelling, they arrived at Alva.

Donna Melicent was equally surprised and alarmed at the sight of her niece under such circumstances: but a short time served to explain the reasons, and to inform her she was under the greatest obligations to the young Spaniard. The aunt expressed her thanks as well as her present agitation would admit, and regretted that she could not offer him an asylum without placing him under the immediate hazard of a discovery: there was little doubt but her

dwelling would undergo a strict examination, and she requested he would immediately ride across the country to a retired village about sixteen miles distant. This he agreed to ; and, after making some little alteration in his dress, he took the horse belonging to the servant who followed them, and gave him directions how to answer in case he should be questioned on returning. Having taken leave of Matilda and her aunt, he rode directly to the village which the latter had described, where he hired obscure lodgings under the character of a traveller who halted for a few days' rest.

He had now some time for reflexion ; and the incidents of the last night appeared by no means in pleasant colours on retrospection. He had often heard of the marquis Mazento as one possessed of the most considerable power in Salamanca ; and there was little doubt but he would take every method to punish the man, whom he would in all probability term the murderer of his son. Alphonso, having been admitted into the mansion by a private entrance, had no conception of the place he was in, or other-

wise the character which he had heard of the marchioness would immediately have discovered the female incógnita that entertained him. Nor was he altogether happy under the idea of having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, though done in his own defence: he had not arrived at that fashionable *sang froid*, which would aid him to run a man through the body without feeling some little regret for the action. The form of the young woman who was the cause of his present embarrassed situation was continually before his eyes: she appeared to him so different from the females with whom he had been acquainted during his residence at Salamanca, that by the comparison she became a divinity to his enraptured fancy. Under very great disquietude he passed the whole of the next day, on the evening of which he received a letter from his college friend, which gave him the most agreeable intelligence. It informed him the young lord Mazento was yet alive, and some hopes were given of his recovery; but that it would by no means be policy in him to return to Salamanca, as

the event would remain uncertain for many weeks. He also mentioned that he had informed Tapardo of the circumstances, whose extravagant and ridiculous alarms made him almost repent his trusting him with the knowledge of the place of his abode, as under the influence of his fears there was great danger he might discover it. Alphonso rode to Donna Melicent's to inform them of the news he had obtained, and was received by Matilda and her aunt with the most grateful welcome. He was persuaded to remain the whole day, and received a general invitation to their cottage during the time of his uncomfortable banishment. He felt himself too happy in the presence and conversation of Matilda to refuse even slightly what to him appeared the greatest gratification, and he accepted it with the most unfeigned pleasure.

Tapardo on the following morning paid him a visit: the whole of his time was taken up in one continued rhapsody on the folly of his pupil's conduct, and the dangerous situation in which he was placed. He had been informed that the young lord was not

likely to be pronounced out of danger for some time, and that it was hourly expected his family would commence a search after him. The most agreeable part of the interview to the pupil was when he rose to take his leave ; and even then the pleasure occasioned by the idea of his absence was greatly diminished, when he declared at parting that he should regularly see him twice or three times a week.

Two months now elapsed, during which the young nobleman remained in a very doubtful state, while Alphonso was a constant visitor at Donna Melicent's. The attractions of Matilda hourly increased, till he at length began seriously to consider if they might not prove dangerous to his repose. It was in vain he persuaded himself that it was merely an admiration of her person and manners, to which no one could be insensible. When absent from her he was uncomfortable, unhappy, and full of *ennui* ; when with her he experienced a happiness and satisfaction to which he had been a stranger in the company of every other woman. The severe, and to him tremendous,

injunctions of his father, which had commenced when he was a boy, and had continued in every letter he had received, were now called forward to his mind, with the austere and positive deportment that accompanied them. Brought up under a severity of tuition, that from his cradle had made him tremble even at the voice of Don Manuel, he had not yet learned to disobey him without some remaining sensations of that horror which had been implanted in the early years of childhood. Unable to form a resolution to abandon Donna Melicent's cottage, Matilda's power over his affections rapidly and hourly increased; and the discovery that she had an equal partiality for him, added to the flame which had already kindled in his bosom. Donna Melicent, who perceived the inclinations of both before they dared trust themselves with the idea, gave every encouragement to their interviews. She possessed a warm benevolent heart, but an understanding by no means above mediocrity. A practical knowledge of the world would have taught her, that an union between

Alphonso and her niece would be looked upon as an event equally astonishing as fortunate for the young lady. But Donna Melicent, animated by the tender regard she had for Matilda, under the most gothic ignorance conceived that her personal and acquired accomplishments, added to a mind uniformly good and carefully cultivated, rendered her equal to the most opulent and splendid alliance.

Seignor Tapardo, entirely wrapped up in his own consequence and importance, had not penetration enough to observe, that his pupil was drawn to Donna Melicent's cottage by a more powerful motive than the common-place visits of an acquaintance. But he no sooner received a hint of it from a friend, than the following day brought him to the retreat of Alphonso.

Seignor Tapardo, under all the hurry and alarm to which weak minds are subject, accused Alphonso of dissimulation, with an abruptness equally rude and unwarrantable. It was in vain he attempted to appease him. The tutor neither could nor would hear any thing but his own upbraidings;

while the young Spaniard, above all deceit, by no means attempted to deny his partiality, but only wished to make him sensible he never wanted to conceal it. Tapardo's irritation increased as he found his reproofs were useless, and in the height of his anger he spoke slightly of Matilda. Alphonso, though vexed at his behaviour, had for some time command enough over his temper to confine his indignation within bounds; but the tutor now touched upon an electrical part of his passions, which at once inflamed the whole, and Tapardo the next minute found himself on the outside of the room. He stopped but for a moment to look round, and then travelled with more than his usual speed to Salamanca; where he had no sooner gained his lodgings than he was seated at his writing-desk. In a letter that formed a confused mass of apprehensions, terrors, &c. &c. (almost unintelligible, from the agitation in which he wrote), he informed Don Manuel of the unfortunate event that had happened, which threatened to frustrate those schemes on which all his hopes of happiness were fixed;

and that there was danger of his pupil's marrying a girl whose ancestry could not be traced beyond her great-grandfather, and whose fortune was not even moderate. The following week the young lord Mazento was declared out of danger, and Alphonso was consequently recalled to his studies. He had not discovered half his attachment to Matilda until this period, when their separation became necessary only a few miles. In an unguarded moment he had declared his love, and her natural frankness of disposition at once led her to confess she felt similar affections towards him. At times he would suddenly resolve to acquaint her with the character and particularities of his father, and, if possible, take leave of her for ever. But this was a sacrifice which cooler moments told him he was unable to make; while the idea of having drawn from her the confession of her sentiments towards him, and then leaving her to the calumny of those tales of scandal which in a country town are continually in propagation, at once served to palliate his own want of power in the resolution, by condemning the

performance of it as an action both dastardly and ungenerous. Thus, Alphonso still lingered under the dread of his father's most violent displeasure, while he found it totally impossible to forsake the object that must occasion it. He departed from his retreat under the agreement of seeing them every week, and arrived at Salamanca with a much heavier heart than when he left it. His visits were not confined to his promise; two days seldom passed without his spending some hours at the cottage, and every Sunday was dedicated to the same mode of pleasure. Tapardo remained sulky and unsociable; he appeared by his manner to give up all authority over his pupil's conduct, while he gave him to understand he hourly expected news that would demand a little more respect should be paid to his counsels and advice. Letters from Don Manuel at length arrived; one directed for his son, the other for the tutor. Alphonso trembled as he broke the seal; and the contents, whatever might have been his anticipations, increased his perplexity and anxiety. The character of his father shone forth in

each line ; every word was an invective, every sentence composed a dreadful threat. His hand had shaken with passion as he wrote, while the whole exhibited proofs of rage and disappointment. His menaces approached to blasphemy, and the curses that stained the paper chilled Alphonso's soul. The conclusion informed him, that if he had not already committed the fatal deed that would at once lose him a father, with every kind of protection, and had filial duty enough remaining to marry into one of the most splendid families of Madrid both in rank and fortune (the preliminaries of which were already settled between himself and a noble grandee, whom he had become acquainted with during his residence in Mexico), he might still hope for forgiveness :—if, on the contrary, he had dared to blast those views which he had cherished for years, and which had served to support him under the most poignant grief, he would at once disown him for his son, shake him from his heart, and curse him as the murderer of his peace, and destroyer of every future comfort. Under the severe distress

and emotion which this letter occasioned, Alphonso ordered his horse, and rode furiously to Alva. The wildness of his appearance and manner led Donna Melicent and Matilda to suppose he was rather elevated with wine. They had never before observed him in such a state. Fearful of his returning to Salamanca that night, they persuaded him to take a bed at the cottage. To this he readily consented. The next morning he found himself in a high fever; and medical advice being immediately procured, he was ordered by no means to leave his chamber. A severe indisposition, that lasted five weeks, followed. From Matilda and her aunt he received the tenderest care; they watched every turn of the disorder with the most anxious solicitude. During this illness, Alphonso formed the resolution of disobeying Don Manuel's commands, and immediately on his recovery he demanded of Donna Melicent the hand of her niece. The aunt received his offers with a pleasure she did not attempt to conceal; and Matilda possessed too little of female coquetry to deny, what she had already confessed, that she *loved*

him. Alphonso carefully concealed the contents of the last letter he had received from his father. He knew at all events it must hurt their feelings, and he was by no means certain whether it might not be the cause of a positive refusal from both. His own heart told him he adored Matilda. His partiality had been cherished not only by the contemplation of a beautiful form, but by a mind enriched by every gift of nature, carefully cultivated, and endowed with the most noble and delicate sentiments. The violence of his father's declarations, while they made him shrink with horror, were by no means calculated to conciliate or soften the passions of a young man who felt their injustice with the most acute sensations. Don Manuel, whatever might have been his speculative abilities in the commodities of trade, was certainly no connoisseur in his conceptions of the human heart, or he must have been convinced, that the exertion of arbitrary power to attain a desired point was the most effectual method to frustrate the possession of it. It was certain Donna Melicent was liable to the accusation of

want of prudence, in so easily consenting to a union, which some consideration might have convinced her was diametrically opposite to the wishes and views of Don Manuel: but, as was observed before, she was a total novice in the political finesse and opinions of the world, while her admiration of the good qualities of her niece led her to suppose, that if he at first felt some little displeasure at the marriage, it would soon be obliterated by a knowledge of the amiable disposition and accomplishments of the object his son had selected. Matilda was the only child of Donna Melicent's younger sister. Bereft of her maternal parent at a very early age, she had experienced in the tender behaviour of her father a considerable alleviation to her loss. Having retired from the world with a small independence, he gave up every hour to the education and instruction of his daughter, whose uncommon affection and excellent capacity repaid all his care, and fulfilled every expectation. Matilda had attained her sixteenth year when he was persuaded to be bound for an acquaintance of his early days in a

very considerable sum. The man absconded to Italy, and he was consequently necessitated to pay the money which was demanded. Through this circumstance he discovered he should be unable to support himself and daughter without assistance. The idea preyed upon his spirits. A nervous fever ensued, which brought on a rapid decline, and he breathed his last in the arms of his child fourteen months after the event. Matilda then beheld herself an orphan at eighteen, totally unprovided for, and unknown to most of her relations, except her mother's sister; the family of her father having been displeased at his marriage, and forsaken him immediately they heard of it. Finding herself possessed only of a few pistoles, which were merely sufficient to find her yearly in clothes, she resolved to throw herself on the protection of her aunt, until she could find some situation where she could support herself independently. Donna Melicent received her with tenderness and pleasure: under her hospitable cottage roof at Alva she gained both comfort and consolation; which helped to

close those wounds of sorrow the death of her father had so severely opened in her bosom. In the course of eighteen months, an offer apparently the most desirable was made to Matilda by a friend of her aunt's. The marchioness Mazento was in want of a young woman of refined education under the capacity of a companion, and the refusal of this station was procured for her. She gladly engaged with the marchioness, and removed to their residence at Salamanca in the course of a fortnight. Matilda in a short time discovered she had been deceived with respect to the character of the family. The marquis was a morose and unpleasant man, and his wife a woman of intrigue: their son, totally beyond the control of either, was a votary to every vice and folly; his behaviour, from her first entrance into the mansion, was such as to disgust and alarm her. In a very few weeks she determined to make her aunt acquainted with the objectionable parts of her situation; and Donna Melicent, in her answer, requested she would return to Alva as soon as possible. The following day to that even-

ing on which she was rescued by Alphonso was fixed for her departure ; when, as crossing the garden to some lodges at a small distance to collect flowers for the marchioness's dressing-room, she was met by the lord Mazento, who, in his usual manner, began to treat her with too great familiarity. Perceiving the unprotected state in which he detained her, his freedoms became more daring ; till at length, terrified in the extreme, she shrieked with the utmost violence, and by that means called Alphonso to her assistance.

Alphonso dreaded the idea of an interview with his father, till his passion and resentment at the information of his marriage should in some degree have subsided. For this reason, he determined to remain at Alva ; he wrote to Tapardo an account of his union with Matilda, and requested he would inform Don Manuel of the event on his arrival, which was shortly expected. Tapardo was too well aware of the effects of his patron's passion, to have the least inclination to follow his request ; he therefore determined, about a week before he expected

him, to retire to an obscure part of Salamanca, and leave a direction where he might find his son. Unfortunately, however, Don Manuel entered Salamanca, unknown to the tutor, at least a fortnight before it was supposed possible he could even have landed in Spain. Signor Tapardo, in a fit of musing one morning, suddenly discovered him at his elbow, and his surprise and terror were beyond description. His person appeared haggard and fatigued through anxiety and quick travelling, while the faltering of his speech discovered he was in an agony of suspense. The first question he put to Tapardo he was hardly able to articulate, which demanded whether Alphonso was married or not? The countenance of the affrighted tutor, who was unable to utter a single syllable, at once answered him in the affirmative; when the desperate and frantic Don Manuel seized him violently by the collar, and threw him with considerable force against the door of the chamber. The signor could not have fallen upon a more fortunate place; and he plainly evinced that he was not insensible of the good chance, by precipitately

opening it, and jumping or rather tumbling down stairs into the street, where he fled from the house with a swiftness he had not exhibited for years. The enraged father, having now no one on whom he could vent his fury, raved with a violence the most terrific and awful. Those gilded scenes of ambition that he had so long nourished in his bosom, and in the maturation of which he would have sacrificed that very object in whom he had taught himself to suppose his whole affections were centred, were blasted and annihilated. His overflowing coffers of wealth were, to his ideas, now useless and unnecessary: for Don Manuel had never tried the experiment of those sensations which the soul is capable of receiving in giving succour to the wants and distress of a fellow-creature. His ravings were dreadful and profane; he called down every evil on his son and the innocent partner of his disobedience. He cursed them with a vehemence that distorted every feature; while the impious wishes which he uttered almost choked him in the quickness of their succession. In the midst of these horrid ex-

travagancies, his mouth and ears suddenly overflowed with blood, and he sunk on the floor in a fainting fit. The noise he occasioned in falling called up the people of the house, who, on discovering his situation, immediately procured medical assistance. Tapardo received notice of the event, and returned just as the surgeon arrived, who declared that Don Manuel had burst a blood-vessel, which made it doubtful whether he could survive till the next morning. The unhappy man, who was recovered from his insensibility, heard this declaration with silent horror, and directly requested that his two brothers might be sent for from Andalusia. Tapardo ventured to inquire if he might also send for Alphonso ; but he received a positive refusal to the request. Whether the tutor acted under the influence of the resentment he felt against his pupil, or from interested motives, is uncertain ; but it was plain he took every method to conceal from Alphonso the information of the arrival of his father, and the dangerous state in which he was. In the evening Don Manuel found his weakness increase

rapidly, and, being convinced his dissolution was near, desired Tapardo to procure a notary as soon as possible. This person arrived in the course of half an hour, and he immediately began to dictate the form of his will. The dark traits of Don Manuel's disposition never appeared more predominant than at this period. Every tie of affection which he had boasted for his son was sacrificed to a malignant revenge for one offence; and he deliberately divided the bulk of his immense fortune between his two brothers Don Diego and Dohn John de Mellas, while he deprived his own child of even a ducat to procure the subsistence of a single day. Neither the idea of the awful crisis which he hourly expected, nor the natural attractions of human nature in a father towards his offspring, could soften his obdurate heart; while his liberal donations to public charities appeared to inspire him with the hopes that they would serve him as a passport to heaven. Tapardo, although disappointed in some extensive ambitious hopes which had crossed his mind as he ran for the notary, yet found himself a legatee to

a sum which would make him handsomely independent. Don Manuel expired at an early hour the following morning; and a messenger was *then* immediately dispatched to Alphonso at Alva, with the news of his arrival and death. His horror at this intelligence may be easily conceived. He had no sooner entered his lodgings at Salamanca, than he was informed of the distributions which Don Manuel had made of his property, and at once beheld himself, through the unnatural conduct of his father, thrown on the world under the utmost pecuniary distress. Although greatly shocked at this last act of resentment, yet the idea of his treatment served to lessen that poignancy of grief which he might otherwise have felt at his loss; while he determined to pay the same respect to his memory as if he had experienced from him the tenderness of a parent. In the course of a week Don Manuel was interred with considerable pomp, and Don Diego and Don John de Mella arrived at Salamanca. The behaviour of the uncles to their nephew, on this occasion, was both noble and generous. They freely

offered to settle on him an annual income to any amount, or immediately make over the principal part of the fortune they had received. Alphonso at once positively declined any such offer ; and he parted with them the day after the funeral, without suffering them to make him the least compensation for the paternal inheritance he had lost. On his acquainting Matilda and her aunt with the state of his affairs, the former confirmed the sincere attachment she had for him by the very little regret with which she received the intelligence ; while Donna Melicent, however she might be disappointed in the idea of seeing her beloved niece placed in the high sphere of life she conceived was so justly her due, had too great a sense of her young husband's virtues to regret her union with him. Alphonso now considered it would be necessary to adopt some method whereby he might support his beloved wife, and that addition to their happiness which, in the course of a few months, it was expected she would present him with. He consequently applied to the same cavalier who had aided him in his

escape from Salamanca on the night of the duel, and he faithfully promised to exert all his interest to procure him a situation under the governor of Valencia. After some time he was requested to remove to that city, that he might be able to make personal application, assisted by the letters of his friend. Here Alphonso was kept in a state of suspense for twelve weeks; and soon after Matilda was delivered of twins. Her health gradually declined from that period; while a slight cold, which she received about four months after, occasioned the most alarming symptoms, and she was declared in a consumption. Alphonso, almost in a state of distraction, now saw himself reduced even to poverty. The little ready money which he had by him at his father's death was expended, while his expenses hourly increased. He was still fed with hopes of the promised place; but he began to perceive there was no dependence to be placed on them. In a few weeks Matilda was necessitated to keep her bed; and he immediately sent for her aunt, who set off for Valencia the following day to that on which she received

his letter. His uncles, in a short time after hearing of his situation, and conceiving he must, in all probability, be under some disagreeable embarrassments, with a goodness of heart which did them the highest honour, determined, once again, personally to offer him to share with them that fortune which, they were well convinced, he had every right to partake of. Under these very laudable motives they departed from Andalusia, and, as was before mentioned, arrived at Valencia the day before Matilda expired.

CHAP. IV.

With what unequal tempers are we fram'd !
 One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
 Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,
 The hour of evil can return no more :
 The next, the spirits, pall'd and sick of riot,
 Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings ;
 Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
 And bitterness, and anguish.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

ORLANDO and Osmund were educated under the very different ideas and prejudices of their uncles. As the characters of these gentlemen were diametrically opposite to each other, it will be necessary to give an account of some material events in the course of their lives, which formed the causes of those peculiarities that so greatly distinguished them.

Don Diego de Mellas, on receiving his share of his paternal fortune, instead of pursuing the money-getting plan of his brother Don Manuel, resolved to launch into that

gaiety and extravagance he had so ardently sighed after while under the control of his father. A superficial view of various follies which he saw followed by the generality of mankind, served at once to inflame him with a strong desire to be a partaker in the apparent fascinating scenes which composed them. Under the influence of such wishes, Don Diego entered into all the extravagancies which the gay city of Madrid held forth to his deluded imagination. With a constitution by no means competent to the support of a fashionable life, he dived into every species of dissipation with an avidity which too well confirmed his inexperience and misconception. Don Diego in a very short time sunk into that kind of character which partakes of every folly merely to be considered as a votary of pleasure. If he gamed, it was not because he actually possessed a passion for play, but because all other spirits of the beau monde were gamblers. If he drank to excess, it was not because he palated the liquor, but that he might gain the name of a bon vivant the following day. If he engaged in a quarrel

at midnight, it was not owing to an irritable temper, but under the idea of the public noise it would make among his acquaintance. If he plunged into difficulties through an intrigue with a married woman, it was not altogether on account of any violent inclinations he felt for the lady, but with the expectation of the splendour it would add to the title he so assiduously courted. It was not likely that Don Diego would long follow pursuits, which, if he had given himself but a little consideration, he would have found to have been entirely repugnant to his natural disposition. He was enamoured of the shadow instead of the substance of his pleasures; and while he attempted to enter into the spirit of amusements for which he had neither taste nor inclination, he was in reality inflicting a punishment on himself to preserve the name of a character, which, of all others, he was the most unfit to support.

Although the period arrived when he discovered the inconsistency of his conduct, yet it was not till the chief part of his fortune was expended in the purchase of his

experience. In the course of two years he had spent, with a prodigality seldom equalled, a sum which, through total inexperience in the care and management of money, he had vainly taught himself to believe would be sufficient to answer all his demands. He found his income so far reduced, that it would not even procure him the necessaries of life without some addition; and he began seriously to consider in what manner he should act, to extricate himself from the pecuniary difficulties which surrounded him. Marriage seemed the only resource that was likely to relieve his embarrassments; and after some struggles he determined to defy the ridicule of his friends, and prove himself a second Benedict. A widow of considerable income resided a few miles from his country villa. She appeared to seclude herself from the world in a manner that gave every reason to suppose she detested it. This trait alone was enough to give her charms in the eyes of the transformed Don Diego, who now railed against the follies of the age with a violence of antipathy peculiar to himself. He began

to view the actions of mankind with the jaundiced eye of a misanthrope; and although his heart was still good, and open to the feelings of humanity, yet his temper and disposition were soured with disappointment and discontent. His person was handsome, and his manners insinuating. The widow, however hermitized in her mode of existence, was not proof against the agreeables he possessed, and soon gave him to understand he might hope for a happy termination to his suit. Don Diego in a few months received her hand at the altar, and once more saw himself surrounded with the superfluities of wealth. Fully convinced of his lady's disgust to the busy scenes of Madrid, he dwelled with rapture on the retired and recluse manner in which they should live, and jointly rail against that part of the world among which he had been a principal performer. The lady, however, under the apprehensions that so sudden a change could not in truth be the wishes of her *dear Diego*, and fearful a life of such inactivity would endanger his health, insisted upon an elegant furnished house

being taken in the capital, and they removed there the day of their nuptials. Her husband could not make her believe the dislike he professed was positively his sentiments, and that he did not adopt them out of compliment to her. It was in vain he pleaded the alteration of his ideas, his new wife would not listen to them; she was determined he should not sacrifice himself merely to oblige her, and she increased her parties and appointments to prove her assertion. He at length began seriously to complain; her extravagance and dissipation were excessive, and he declared she made his days miserable. He was then chided for his ingratitude in making so bad a return for her affection, which had urged her, however opposite to her late manner of living, to enter *a little* into the world for *his happiness and comfort*. Such was her daily answer to her husband, who saw her launch into every fashionable foible with an eagerness that would not have been excusable in a girl of sixteen. But Don Diego soon discovered he had been most egregiously duped in the object he had selected for the companion of

his remaining years, and that she had only retired to her late residence at the death of her first husband, to ensure the possession of a second; by which means she preserved her character from those stigmas her former and present state of conduct would otherwise produce. Her gaiety and intrigues in a distant province were now made known to him, and he at once became the butt and ridicule of Madrid. Fortunately for him, his lady's career was stopped by a putrid fever, which put an end to her life in about five years after their marriage, during which time she had contrived to spend nearly the whole of the very opulent income she had received through the infatuated fondness of her first consort.

Don Diego with the remainder, added to the small sum he had saved from the wreck of his own fortune, found he had enough to procure common comforts under a strict and regular frugality.

He was of a character ever subject to extremes, and he now sunk into that kind of misanthropic lethargy which separates a man from the world, and weakens those

natural ties of affection he is born to feel towards his fellow-creatures. Still, however, the general effects of a good heart served to soften the morose principles he adopted, and cherished in his bosom sentiments which repelled the harsh doctrine he pretended to claim as his system. Foiled in those pursuits he had idolized with fervency, laughed at by the world for attempting to support a part in it he was in no respects suited for, and publicly duped by artifices he had often vauntingly dared to deceive him, he now dwindled under the feelings of a disappointed man, and turned sulky with pleasures he would wish to have partaken of, but was not competent to the task. In a lonely cottage, situated in a wild part of the country, he fretted away the day in murmurs at mankind, and retired to his hard bed but to dream of the punishments they deserved. His meals were scanty and humble, and his pastimes confined to a few books which encouraged his ill temper. But yet Don Diego's bosom was not hardened to the calls of humanity. The mendicant who passed his hovel was wel-

come to the coarse food he had provided, and he would shed tears at many fictitious tales of woe they recited.

In a few years he found himself suddenly the possessor of a large fortune by the death and unnatural conduct of his brother Manuel. This event proved he was not subject to a relapse of his former follies. He in no respect altered his reclused mode of living, but merely extended in some degrees the limited comforts of life. His hut was changed for a castle ; but the castle was equally, if not more gloomy, and situated in a barren part of Andalusia. He hired a few domestics, but they were such as had nearly passed their labour. He entered into no society, for he detested the very thought of intermixing with the world ; and he followed no avocation, for he disdained to act like other men.

Such were the principal traits in the character of Don Diego de Mellas, to whom Orlando was now to look up as a guardian : however his ill humour might have been exerted against mankind in general, he was seldom observed to level it at individuals ;

and the twin, under the austere and cynical manners of his uncle, found a tender and considerate relation, who acted towards him with the anxious care of a parent. Still he resolved to educate his nephew entirely under his own system; but his indulgence in other respects soon softened that rigour of confinement which at first appeared irksome and unpleasant. He gloried in the opportunity he now had of confirming to the world proofs of those arguments he had often held forth on the tuition and rearing of a boy; and he began his operations with that full confirmation of success which every one is inclined to anticipate in favour of his own hypothesis.

Having provided a tutor, with whose classical abilities and accommodating disposition he was well acquainted, he elucidated at once the mode of education he intended to pursue, by some instructions he gave him on the commencement of his charge. "I would have my nephew," said Don Diego, "a scholar, and the possessor of every branch of learning that constitutes that name. I would have his genius and talents culti-

vated with the most assiduous care, and his ideas refined and enlarged under the attention of a skilful instructor. I should like him to acquire a dignity and politeness in his behaviour, at the same time to be entirely free from the fashionable accomplishments of the day. I would wish him to be kept secluded from the world, and deprived of even the theoretic information of many scenes that in part compose it. I would have him a child of nature in every respect except literary attainments, and even his reading confined to a certain boundary. I want him to be brought up a stranger to the various evils and licentious follies that are depicted in the chequered delineation of life, and a novice to those views where vice is displayed under the alluring garb of pleasure. The descriptions of this kind which a boy procures at an early age, far from distorting the figure it should present as hideous, artfully decks it with so fascinating a robe, that the young student is unable to discover the deformities it conceals; and even when he arrives at years to see through the deception, by a

continual anticipation of the effects, he becomes callous to the power of conviction. By an introduction to general society he procures more dangerous information than from books; his acquaintance, to compliment their own experience, relate events they never witnessed, and praise pleasures they never knew, while the poison is gradually instilled into his young mind, and he looks with indifference on those transactions he otherwise would have observed with horror. For these reasons I shall keep him totally confined within my own castle till he arrives at that age when his judgment may be supposed to have gained some maturity: he shall be then introduced to the world, and allowed to judge for himself; and I have no doubt but when he discovers vice, and the impressions it produces are entirely unbiassed by preceding ideas, he will feel for it that abhorrence and detestation I so ardently wish him to conceive."

The tutor, whatever might have been his private sentiments, appeared perfectly to agree with Don Diego, and declared such notions were parallel with his own. The

contradictory parts of this system of education were easily to be discovered by an unprejudiced observer ; but it is to be remembered that Don Diego was an enthusiast in his opinions, and the tutor was paid for assenting to them.

Don John de Mellas followed very different plans from either of his brothers at the death of his father : he had for a long time placed his affections on an amiable young woman in the city of Madrid, whose want of fortune had been an obstacle with his parent to their union. That hindrance being removed, in a few months after he became his own master he publicly married her, and immediately retired to a small yet genteel residence in a remote part of Andalusia, where he resolved to prepare for the expenses of a family, by commencing with a strict and regular economy in his household. In a very few years he was surrounded by a blooming family of three children ; and Don John enjoyed a state of uninterrupted felicity seldom known and most truly enviable. A period however at length arrived which tore from him

every comfort, and annihilated those scenes of future felicity he anticipated in the midst of the blessings he experienced. A malignant fever deprived him of his beloved wife ; and each of his children, from the infection of the same disorder, expired in less than a fortnight after. When Don John's character is considered as that of a most affectionate husband and tender father, his situation is easily to be conceived at this dreadful crisis. For a considerable time he was in a state of inanimate stupor with grief, and passed through each succeeding day with a kind of automatical instinct. He took no notice of the friends who attended him, and gazed hours together in silent agony on the portraits of his wife and children. The utmost exertions were used to raise him from so alarming a despondency, but he appeared to shun every effort that was made to give him comfort and consolation. At length a distant relation, after considerable entreaties, persuaded him to remove from the spot which hourly reminded him of the dear relatives he had lost, and tended to recall scenes to

his memory which occasioned the most poignant sorrows. He prevailed on him to purchase a small yet neat house in the gay and lively city of Seville, and he took possession of his new abode with the same depression of spirits he had laboured under for the last fourteen months. His relation, however, still watched him with unremitted attention ; and by almost imperceptible gradation introduced him to the society of some respectable gentlemen who lived near, in a manner which made it impossible for him to refuse their acquaintance with any degree of good manners. By these means Don John, before he was aware of his appointments, found himself surrounded by a choice collection of friends, who, feeling for his situation, and being pleased with the gentleman-like behaviour he possessed, used every means in their power to make themselves agreeable to his taste. Under these circumstances he slowly entered into the spirit of their parties, and experienced some little alleviation to his sufferings. No external objects tended to recall his mind to a recollection of his late domestic hap-

piness, and by degrees he began to enjoy those scenes he had never before either followed or noticed. Time and a continual change of company served to occupy his mind, and prevented him from dwelling on a retrospection of the past. Habit rendered his present mode of life daily more agreeable; as his spirits and vivacity increased, his company became more courted, while he enlarged his engagements hourly, and appeared often at public places. Pleased with a system of conduct which had recovered him from the most dreadful state in which human nature can be involved, he followed it with avidity, under a confidence of its good effects, till at length his life might be accounted dissipated, and his expenses extravagant. Don John's actions were so far tinctured with discretion, that he gathered the sweets and pleasures of recreation from scenes where others would have been lost for ever. He, however, plainly perceived his income would be embarrassed if he did not retrench his expenditure, and he had resolution to give up some superfluities for that purpose. Still he was gay,

and never free from company and amusements, for Don John soon discovered the salutary remedy he had chosen to relieve him from his mental anguish lasted no longer than during the time it was administered ; and if he passed a few hours alone, the figures of his wife and children floated before him, and he relapsed into the same poignancy of grief from which he had so lately recovered. It is not therefore surprising that he should continue in the midst of society which gave such temporary relief to his sorrows. On his receiving the considerable fortune bequeathed to him by his brother Manuel, his house at once became a principal rendezvous for the whole circle of fashion in Seville, and a resort for men of genius resident in that part of Spain, as well as for those who visited the lively city from distant provinces.

Don John was naturally of a gay, active, and open disposition ; his manners highly polished, his mind finely cultivated ; his ideas were noble, generous, and unprejudiced, and his heart warm and benevolent. The most perfect characters possess their

failings : Don John was not excluded from this general rule ; he had neither thought nor foresight in the common occurrences of life ; he was negligent in every pursuit that did not concern his pleasures, and careless to a degree of childishness in cases that required the most steady attention and adherence. It is most likely that this defect or folly which predominated in his character at a very early period of life, might have slowly faded under the care and anxiety attendant on the rearing of a family ; but he was doomed to lose these incitements to a reformation ; and, having felt no such ties upon his affections, his thoughtless malady rather increased than diminished. It is very doubtful whether he might have exerted himself enough in his pecuniary affairs, to have discovered that a retrenchment in them was actually necessary ; or still more, that he would have taken the trouble to have formed any resolutions for obviating such difficulties, had not a point of honour in the support of his character urged him to the task. When he took upon himself the charge of Osmund, under a considerable struggle he

dedicated the chief part of two days to the procuring of a private tutor of abilities, as well as settling him at one of the first public seminaries in Seville. Such arrangements might in some respects have been considered as superfluous; but Don John wished his nephew to be immediately introduced among boys of his own age: at the same time he engaged for him a separate governor, with a view that he might himself by that means be entirely free from various little attentions Osmund might most likely require, distinct from the advantages he would receive at the school he had provided. After he had settled these principal points, he conceived he had overcome the most arduous part of his undertaking. The instructor proved to be a learned man, but at the same time an interested one. If his pupil produced his exercises right, and went through the regular tasks of school-study for the few hours it was required, he cared very little what became of him afterwards; for although, under the engagements into which he had entered with Don John, he was paid a very handsome salary for dedicating the whole

of his time to his nephew, he soon discovered what little notice the former took of his labours, and therefore determined to divide them between Osmund and a youth about his own age who lived near; and whose parents, under the idea of a *bargain*, consented to encourage his duplicity. Through these circumstances the young inexperienced Osmund was left entirely at his own disposal, with full permission to draw upon his uncle's steward for any money he might want. It is not to be supposed but a youth of seventeen would grasp at the unbounded liberty which was given to his actions. The example of his uncle was sufficient incitement to the alluring path he was tempted to pursue, and he rushed into the giddy vortex with a boyish precipitation. Don John, encircled by his own pleasures and engagements, had little time or inclination to regulate the pursuits of Osmund; indeed, if his observation had rested for a moment, to have noticed some juvenile follies that were rather glaring in the conduct of his young nephew (and which were even whispered in his presence), it is very doubtful

whether he might have considered them of that serious nature as to demand a severe reprehension. Don John had entered into the dissipated scenes of life at a time when years and experience had taught him to avoid those dangerous quicksands that surrounded him. Invulnerable to every temptation that tended to lead him beyond the boundary of prudence and general rectitude, he gleaned from them a pleasure and satisfaction which neither corrupted his morals or his heart. They had eased him of a load of woe, raised him from a reverie of misery to social comforts; they had elevated his spirits, and recruited his constitution. It is not surprising that he should feel some gratitude for the antidote that had proved to him so beneficial: but the natural carelessness of his character prevented him from considering the very great difference of a youth entering the world at eighteen, and a man being introduced to it at five-and-thirty. He conceived there was no danger in the fashionable levities of the age, because he had been fortunate enough to avoid them. He admired the lively, volatile,

and spirited manners of Osmund, without supposing they required regulation, or that he needed advice. He saw him the votary of pleasures which he called innocent, for he never found them otherwise ; and he took no notice of those follies that might be termed reproachable, because he had not discovered their error.

Under such a *system* the worst effects might have been produced ; but, fortunately for Osmund, he obtained a friend in his uncle's household, who supplied Don John's place as a monitor and moral instructor. This person resided with him as a steward, and was in his sixtieth year. Possessed of a liberal education, and thorough knowledge of the world, he became an able guide to the forsaken pupil. His instructions and advice, by being given with mildness and diffidence, under the character of a domestic, acted perhaps with greater force on the high and elevated spirits of Osmund, than studied lessons from one who claimed an absolute authority over his actions. If he was embarrassed in any difficulties through his misconduct, the old

man would first use his utmost exertions to extricate him, and then mildly endeavour to explain the folly of his conduct. Such behaviour at once endeared him to the youth, and urged him to receive his advice with pleasure, while it carried conviction to his heart. A principal, though young, performer in scenes where vice assumed many shapes to deceive, he had an opportunity, assisted by Fabian, of scrutinising its various disguises. Although in many respects thoughtless and void of methodical reflection, yet he had his moments of reasoning; and the various parts of finesse and duplicity which he discovered in the world, made a sensible impresion on his mind, while a common observer would have supposed he was incapable of such conceptions. Still, not to screen his faults from the eyes of the multitude, it will be necessary to remark he possessed innumerable foibles incident to youth; and that, had it not been for the good old steward, it is very doubtful what might have been the consequences of his uncle's mode of tuition.

Having premised these few particulars,

with respect to the principal traits in the characters of Don Diego and Don John de Mellas, with some account of the causes that produced them, the reader will be a better judge of the general effects that arose from *their systems of education*.

CHAP. V.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body
 In so perverse a mould? Yet when she cast
 Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
 Unable to reset, and rumpled them
 On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
 Her bungled work, she stamp'd my mind more fair.

DRYDEN.

ORLANDO and Osmund attained their twentieth year under the different methods of tuition adopted by Don Diego and Don John. During this interval no material circumstance occurred, except the death of their aunt Donna Melicent de Gaustivus, who paid the great debt of nature in less than twelve months after the twins were taken from her care. The good old lady had little wealth to leave behind: her annuity had but barely supported her; and the few pistoles she was possessed of she bequeathed to Stella, the young woman who had nursed the twins, fully convinced that *they* were

both well provided for in the protection of their uncles. The bosoms of the lads swelled high with grief at the news of her death; they had not forgotten her maternal tenderness; nor did they fail to pay the tribute of sincere sorrow to her memory.

The period was now arrived that had been fixed upon by the uncles to introduce their nephews to the world; and on this account Don John received a letter from his brother, mentioning that they might expect himself and Orlando at Seville in a few days, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for that plan. They had not strictly fulfilled their promise to the twins with respect to their meeting every year during the term of their education. Don John and Don Diego's modes of living were so very opposite, that they seldom visited each other; and Orlando and Osmund had met but once during the eight years they had been separated.

In person they greatly resembled each other. Their figures were tall, majestic, and finely shaped; their features regular, pleasing, and expressive; while a clear,

though not fair, complexion added additional lustre to their dark eyes, which beamed with all the fire of youth and sensibility. On the arrival of Don Diego, the first interview between the twins exhibited the strongest proofs of affection in each. Osmund clasped his brother to his heart with rapturous delight ; while Orlando, though more composed and more reserved, appeared to feel equal gratification. The contrast of their manners was evident : at first sight Orlando was grave, embarrassed, and full of thought ; Osmund, all life, vivacity, and spirit. Orlando seemed confused, and his joy at embracing his brother stifled by an awkward shyness he experienced at being among strangers ; while Osmund laughed, talked, and welcomed him with as much ease as if he had been wholly unconscious that any one witnessed their meeting. His words seemed to flow spontaneously from his heart ; his ideas were never kept back for the purpose of decorating them with studied language ; and although his education prevented him from committing gross inaccuracies, yet he was

too thoughtless to be particular in the arrangement of his sentences. His brother spoke but little, and when he did it was with great consideration. His periods were harmonious, and his diction elegant : a hesitation in the answering of every question prepared the inquirer for something more than a simple and passive reply ; while the manner in which it was given evidently tended to impress the auditor with the superiority of the speaker. But Orlando was incapable of such exertion, but among those he knew. The uncommon reclused manner in which he had been educated was evident in every action. When among strangers, a timid bashfulness pervaded his features ; his diffidence and confusion were visible to every beholder, and most acutely felt by himself. Unused to the society of those of his own age, he now shrunk from their advances with an inward awe he was unable to conceal ; and while he gazed with wonder on the vigorous manners and liveliness so predominant in Osmund, he could not help feeling for the first time a humiliating idea of his own inferiority. Don Diego had most

certainly succeeded in part with respect to moulding his nephew to the character he had wished him to represent. Orlando was possessed of a classical education, and his natural understanding was superior to the generality of mankind. He had read, but his erudition had been confined, as much as possible, from the details of the vices, follies, and propensities of his fellow-creatures who formed the age in which he lived. It would be a paradox to assert that he was not acquainted with various characters which disgraced human nature ; his very school-exercises presented them to his view ; and he could trace a tyrant, a murderer, and a plunderer, in every task that he translated, and in every volume that was given him for historical information. Still he might be termed a novice in the youthful foibles that triumphed in the days of his own existence. The books that he had perused were always first examined by his uncle ; who, if he discovered any relations of those scenes where he had been so principal a dupe, instantly tore out the leaf ; or, if that could not be done without unconnecting the

whole, he would, in a fit of resentment, sacrifice every page to the flames. Not a youth of either sex of his own years was suffered to come within the castle-gates, nor a domestic hired who had not passed their grand climacteric ; and they were even then cautioned to be silent on the history of their younger days, with the threat of falling under their master's displeasure. Women in general were represented to him as a very dangerous part of the creation. Don Diego had too much liberality to impress on his mind an idea of there being no exceptions ; but he seldom dwelled on the better part, while he continually concluded his lectures with oblique hints, that beauty was in general the watch-word of the former. With respect to men, he was most assiduously taught to look upon the whole of the young ones, *except himself*, as a set of beings divided into two classes ; the one naturally vicious, the other of a frivolous composition who pretended to be so ; and who, in a few years, might sink into good members of society. Under this doctrine he imbibed a most perfect contempt for every man under

forty ; while his own merit was heightened by the thought of being an exception to the whole world. His heart was good, and would melt at the recital of distress ; but he was seldom allowed an opportunity of receiving such claims on his feelings. He never proceeded outside the castle without being accompanied by his uncle ; and then he was seldom taken to any spot where there was the least probability of his seeing any mortal similar to himself : and if, by chance, one out of the few old men who visited him called to introduce a young one, Orlando was never suffered to move from his study.

Under such a system of education was Orlando matured, and destined to be presented to the world, under a full confidence in his own opinion of a capability to resist all temptation, and unmask every deception. Don Diego introduced him to Don John with an inward consciousness of the lad's excellencies, and a thorough persuasion that he would, in a very short time, confirm his favourite hypothesis. Don John received him with his usual gaiety and good

humour ; but that diffidence in his manners, which would have convinced a common observer he was the pupil of retirement, to *him* appeared still more *outré*.

A very material point was now to be settled between the uncles, and on which there was some danger of their not preserving that unity they had as yet, however different their characters, most strictly maintained. This was the procuring of a tutor for the travelling companion of their nephews. It had been for some months decided by them that the young men should reside for a considerable time at Madrid, under the advice, but not controul, of a man of genius and reflection, who was competent to dissect the various characters and scenes that might fall under their observation, and caution them against those deceptions that would be continually held forth for their destruction. It was necessary such a person should in part be distinguished by the different prejudices predominant in both the guardians, as they had too great a contempt for each other's system to trust their charge under any one, whose manners should be

diametrically opposite to their own. A gentleman was recommended to Don John a few weeks before the arrival of his brother, (by a literary friend) whose eccentricity of character at once rendered him a successful candidate for the undertaking.

Signior Zadok Bellzenipp was of a short and very slender stature; he appeared about thirty years of age, and his person was rather deformed. A pair of uncommon slender legs, in the whole length of which there was little variation in point of thickness, were hardly distinguishable in size from his thighs, but by the addition which the latter received in a full pair of breeches. With every assistance, they looked but ill calculated to support a body not much out of proportion to his general dimensions, yet rather corpulent and bulky. Although the signior was a gainer by his protuberance in front, he was a loser behind; for from his hips to his shoulders he described a curved line, the convex part of which formed his front, and the concave his back. His neck was uncommonly short, so that his head apparently was stuck upon his shoulders as

if a throat and its appendages had been by no means necessary to his existence. His complexion was very pale, his nose and chin very long, and his mouth extremely wide; his eyes were dark, small, and rather sunk, yet there was some expression and fire in them when he spoke; his brows by being uncommonly arched, and his forehead particularly high, gave his face altogether a peculiar kind of insignificance; while a dark wig, in small curls, and extremely scanty in every part, was placed like a small patch upon the back of his scull. Such was the external figure of the person presented to Don John as a tutor to his nephew; but before any ideas can be formed of the justness of that gentleman's approbation and opinion of him, it will be necessary to give some account of his disposition, abilities, and manners, which will naturally lead to a train of events from the beginning of his life.

Signior Zadok was the child of poverty and distress: his parents, though honest, were poor; although virtuous, were friendless. At his birth they were near starving and sur-

rounded by misery, while his infant countenance, when the sun first shone upon it, discovered traces of care and sorrow. His father, a labouring and industrious man, could with difficulty procure even a scanty subsistence for his family, which consisted of five children. Zadok was the youngest; his extreme weakly constitution made it impossible for him to be put to those robust employments by which the others helped, in a small degree, to procure their own bread. At the age of twelve years, a school-master of some eminence, near Seville, (which was the place of his nativity) offered to take him as a kind of domestic attendant on his scholars and school-room: the opportunity was gladly embraced, and poor Zadok, under every disadvantage, commenced his struggles with the world. The derision of the young pupils immediately began upon his deformity; they considered him as their servant, and conceived they had a right to insult him with impunity. He soon felt the difference of his present situation from his home, where, though his bed was hard and

his meals coarse and scanty, he experienced a tenderness to his infirmities, and in parental affection found an alleviation to his sickly complaints. It was in vain he languished to return to that *home*; his father was unable to support him. He had many tyrants in his new station, some even younger than himself; and they would often, while his bosom heaved with indignation, even strike him. Whatever might have been his sensations at receiving a blow, it would have been an act only productive of ridicule for him to have lifted his shrunk and withered arms against his strong and healthy opponents. He was an object easily vanquished even by the youngest, and served as a kind of practice-block for those who were going to exert their skill with a more powerful adversary. If he complained to the master, the offender was always the son of a man of some consequence (for the worthy tutor took no children of inferior quality under his instruction, for fear they should corrupt the young sprigs of nobility that were entrusted to his care); and it was

demanded, how he dare utter reproaches against the offspring of a grandee? The poor trembling boy had no solace but to weep, no satisfaction but the recollection of his imbecility and forlorn state. The small portion of time that he was unemployed was dedicated in writing to his mother, where the tears that blotted his letters contradicted the palliating account he gave of his sufferings. Whatever might have been the discomforts attendant on his situation, it is certain that by an uncommon assiduity and perseverance he cultivated those natural abilities he possessed, which made ample amends for the deformities of his figure. Endowed with a mind continually on the watch for information, which, even in the subordinate station in which he was placed, he had often opportunities of receiving, it at once served as a small relief to his sorrows, and laid the basis of a future excellence in every class of refined and literary knowledge. His ideas and conceptions were digested by a reflexion seldom observed in a youth of his years, while his application and industry were uncommon. Zadok, however,

still experienced most severely the illiberality and cruelty of his young superiors, till he adopted a train of methodical plans in his conduct and manners, which at once had the most happy effect in his favour. Unable to protect himself by any manual exertions, *that* which might have been termed pusillanimity under different circumstances, *in him* was no other than a necessary system of finesse in his own defence; and he soon discovered that implicitly acquiescing to every one's opinion would be a material aid to his happiness. His speculations on this point were accurate, and the consequences beyond his expectations; the scenes of his degradation and insult were annihilated, and he arose on the ruins a general favourite. His young bosom palpitated with joy at the success of his duplicity. He fed the pride of the young nobles that surrounded him, he kissed the yoke they presented; the weight of it was instantly lost, and he laughed contemptuously at their folly. The master of the school discovered the alteration; the effect, like electricity, did not fail to agitate every part of the groupe it was

aimed at ; he instantly perceived the poor little wretch had some abilities, but, what was of still greater importance, his pupils were uncommonly fond of him. Zadok was suddenly promoted to a small side desk, and was found to be extremely useful in hearing the lessons of the younger part of the scholars. By being removed from the menial duties of his late station, he had more time to dedicate to his own improvement ; and his master, under the idea of his being of still greater service, ordered that he should undergo the regular process of school-study with the chief of the boys. By these new regulations he had full scope to gratify every inclination for improvement, and his uncommon industry and progress in every branch of learning were a matter of astonishment to all who knew him. Although very young, he had considered too well the various dispositions that encircled him to slacken those exertions that had elevated him to his present sphere. He still continued his accommodating system, never differed in opinion from any, agreed to what every body said, and had no sentiments of

his own, but what he secretly enjoyed in private reflexion. Habit soon rendered such a modification of manners both easy and natural; they increased with his years, and ripened with him into manhood. Zadok in the course of fourteen months was made under-uscher, and had a small salary allowed him, besides his board and lodging. Every rial he received, except what procured him his humble clothing, was regularly enclosed in a letter, breathing the most affectionate assurances of his regard, and dispatched to his parents.

Thirteen years elapsed, during which he became a principal assistant; he was universally respected for his philanthropic and benevolent disposition, and generally allowed to be a man of real classical knowledge and very extensive erudition. He had for some time past entirely supported his father and mother, who, afflicted by bad health and infirmities, were totally unable to earn their own living. The remainder of their family had died during the last ten years, and Zadok was the only prop to their existence. An unfortunate event

which happened about this time at once deprived him of his situation, and the power of continuing the comforts he had bestowed upon his parents. His father one day happened to visit him at the time of the school play-hours: the old man was weak and lame; he tottered under the assistance of a stick, and rested every two minutes against the pales that formed the boundary of the playground. A youth about twelve years old, of *noble birth, the son of a grandee*, by chance observed the reverend figure labouring under the disagreeables of his walk, and at once pointed him out as a butt for ridicule and amusement to some lads who stood near. The young branch of quality was a new resident, and unacquainted with the relationship which subsisted between the usher and the object of his remarks. His companions, urged by a mischievous inclination to get him into disgrace, did not undeceive him in his error, but incited him to insult the old gentleman by the most powerful persuasions. Zadok was on the spot, and going to meet his father, when the

youth, who had for several minutes been scoffing at him, suddenly snatched away the stick he leant upon, and his trembling form fell prostrate upon the earth. Zadok, who had for some years suffered the most pointed sarcasms upon his person, the most taunting and cruel reflexions on his deformity and want of power to defend himself, never felt such a glow of passion agitate every nerve as at this instant. An impulse of the most violent indignation inspired a strength he had hitherto been a stranger to, and the aggressor received a blow that at once brought him to the ground. If the young gentleman had possessed a degree of courage equal to the cruelty of his disposition, there is little doubt but the tutor would have been exposed to the brutality of an infant conqueror; but fortunately for Zadok he had no such adversary to contend with: and while he was engaged in helping his feeble parent to rise, the pupil jumped upon his legs, and ran from the spot as fast as they would carry him. The old man was not much hurt; he only feared what might be

the consequence of his son's defending him, while he rested upon his arm and proceeded slowly towards the house.

The scholar had arrived there before them, and exhibited his linen to the master, stained with blood, occasioned by a trifling wound he had received on his forehead. The good gentleman gazed in silent astonishment and horror at the deed. He foresaw and foretold the destruction of his seminary by such a daring outrage;—he viewed the blood which had run through the veins of *nobility* for centuries lost from the body of a grandee's offspring, like a common dreg, by a blow from a plebeian arm. "Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "can such things be? Is it possible that a wretch brought up under the very wing of charity, whom I have nourished in my bosom, and who has received his subsistence from the crumbs which have fallen from my table, should thus dare to lift his hand against one of my pupils, who claims his lineage from the most illustrious family in Spain? Holy virgin! What madness could urge him to an act of such desperation?" "He in-

sulted his father," cried a boy who stood near. "Insulted his father," returned the school monarch; "a very fine provocation indeed, for a base-born hireling like him to put himself on equal footing with nobility. Answer me!" he cried, turning to Zadok, who had entered at the beginning of his speech, and who now stood supporting his parent at some little distance: "What have you to say in defence of such unequalled depravity of conduct?" Zadok lifted up his eyes from the ground; but the master had never before seen them sparkle with such fire: he no longer beheld the tame, the humble culprit. Zadok had, for the first time in his life, experienced sensations which roused every energy of his soul, and at once overcome the natural serenity of his character. "Do you observe this poor old man?" he exclaimed, while his tears fell on the trembling hand he grasped: "He is my father: you are yourself a father, signior, and consequently have claims on the filial affections of your children: you have likewise experienced the feelings of a son;—to those feelings I must now address myself.

That youth insulted my parent ; he was unable to defend himself, and the common ties of nature demanded I should protect him. His wanton cruelty threw this poor old man to the ground, and could I stand by and witness his fall without resenting it ? Because his birth is *noble*, is he to be countenanced in *ignoble* deeds ? Because *his* father is a grandee, is he to insult with impunity the same reverend character under a plebeian title ? I glory in the deed I have committed, whatever may be the consequence resulting from it. You accuse me as a wretch sheltered under the wing of charity ; yet I have helped to feather that wing, and therefore earned my protection. You say you have nourished me in your bosom ; but you must recollect I assisted to procure the animating warmth it conveyed. You declare I have subsisted on the crumbs which dropped from your table : this is most certain ; but you must also know I have been one who helped to gather the food from which they fell. Whatever I have received at your hands, signior, I claim as a right for the produce of my labour. I

allow no obligation on either side, because our interests have been mutual; nor will I any longer submit to your tyranny, while, as an independent member of society, I am able to purchase my own subsistence.”—The governor was astonished: the words that he heard, and the manner in which they were delivered, were so very different from Zadok’s former behaviour, that he could hardly believe the same oppressed object of his boasted bounty stood before him. “Ungrateful!” he exclaimed: “is it thus I am to be rewarded for my past favours? But he is certainly deranged; there is a wildness in his eyes I never observed before; and if I keep him any longer in my seminary we may experience some dreadful accident. Wretched profligate, his malice is pointed towards nobility. It would be a good thing for the state if such levelling rebels were confined by themselves in a sequestered spot, where the higher orders of society might be screened from their violations, and run no hazard of being shocked by the sight of such a grovelling part of the creation.” Zadok received the small sum

due to him, and was instantly dismissed from his employment. He supported his father in silence to their little hovel, and began to reflect in what manner he should procure their daily bread. Zadok's salary had been but trifling; he had had no opportunity of saving from it, for his father and mother had both subsisted by his industry. Poverty in a few weeks threatened to overtake them, unless he gained some situation to profit by his talents. He had but few friends, and his external appearance conveyed in general to strangers no very prepossessing opinion of his abilities; while the aggravating circumstances which his late master circulated against him at once raised him enemies among many whom he never knew, nor indeed who had never known him. He would have submitted to the humble employment of a labourer, but his weak body and infirm limbs refused to sustain the sacrifice. His applications were many, but he was mostly received with a chilling coldness. Through the interest of a cook in a great family, of some note for making the most delicious dish of aumlets

in the whole province, he was recommended to a bishop ; but the bishop just before the interview had discovered, that he once was heard to draw a comparison between the mitre and a fool's cap, and the holy father declared he could have no concerns with one who was guilty of so impious a simile. By means of a nobleman's valet, for whom he had indited some *billet-doux*, he obtained permission to wait on a minister at the head of the Spanish government ; but directly this nobleman saw him, he declared it would be impossible to take him into his service, as it sometimes would be necessary he should be sent to one of the mistresses of a prince of royal blood, who would never be able to endure the sight of so strange a figure. The minister, however, referred him to an author of some fame, who occasionally dined at his table, and who was in want of an amanuensis. When he applied to the man of letters, there was no objectionable parts in the agreement but a rule which he always adhered to of making triennial payments of his salary, which he regulated according to the success of his

works. After many weeks, during which he languished with his parents under all the horrors of the most dreadful penury, he by chance met with an English merchant who wanted an interpreter; and who, when he found he could get no other, agreed to engage with him. Zadok had studied the English tongue with the same assiduity he had many others, and few of his countrymen were so well versed in it as himself. He once again was able to allow his father and mother the necessaries of existence; and his habitual propensity of agreeing implicitly to every opinion had the same good effect upon the London merchant as upon the Spanish school-boys. He soon became the factotum and right-hand of the man of business; and when the concerns which brought him to Spain were concluded, he made Zadok the most advantageous proposals to return with him to England, and receive a principal place in his counting-house. His offers appeared too beneficial to be neglected: he had an opportunity of settling on his parents a monthly stipend that would procure them even the comforts of life.

They parted with him as with the only blessing that made life valuable, and Zadok felt equal distress in the separation. He attended the merchant through France to his native city, who had not arrived there two months before he suddenly died. Zadok again found himself under an embarrassed situation in a strange country, unexpectedly deprived of gaining a living by his industry, and totally without friends to assist him. His late employer had made no will, he consequently only received a balance of his salary that was due to him, and a small present from the bounty of the heir who inherited the possessions of the deceased. He had now no plan to pursue, but that of returning to Spain with all the horrors of poverty. He regained his home in the course of a few months after having spent his last rial, and found his parents still more infirm than when he left them, and equally reduced. They had expended, under a rigid economy, the allowance he was able to send them; and while his presence inspired emotions of joy they had not experienced for years, their spirits were near

sinking for want of that nourishment their age and sickly state of health so greatly demanded. Zadok felt the most acute anguish in thus witnessing their distresses without being able to relieve them. He was indefatigable in his exertions to procure some employment; and offered to undertake any, however menial, that his strength would allow. At length, a printer of monthly publications offered him a premium, sufficient to gain bread and water, for the translation of some poems that had appeared a few weeks before in a work of considerable merit at Madrid by a French writer, and in the French language. Zadok succeeded in this attempt beyond his expectation: the translations were universally admired for the spirit and beauties which they preserved from the originals: the curiosity of the public was excited, and a universal buzz of inquiry was made for the translator. The publisher concealed, with the greatest care, his success in the sale from the deserted Zadok; who, immured in a miserable hut with his father and mother, had no opportunity of discovering the

praises that were lavished on his labours, while he received from him, as a mite of charity, a few more rials for each poem. The author of the work was at this time in Spain, and, among other places, visited Seville, where he was introduced to the parties of Don John de Mellas; and, in a solitary ramble one evening, by chance discovered the humble dwelling of Zadok and his parents. His benevolence tempted him to give them instant relief; and on his requesting to know upon what business Zadok was so attentively engaged, he discovered, to his astonishment, one of his own sonnets in the Spanish language, which had suffered very little from the change. This event naturally led to a train of conversation, wherein Zadok had full power to confirm his abilities. The two following little poems lay on the table among his other papers, and were noticed by the visitor. The latter was in imitation of the Scotch dialect, and was written during his residence in England.

*Translation of a Greek Epitaph written by
ALIMETUS, a freedman, on a tomb he
erected to the memory of his fellow servant
HONORIA.*

[*Author unknown.—See Preface.*]

I THAT could sweeter than the syren sing,
I to whose beauty ev'ry bosom bow'd,
I the sleek swallow that announc'd the spring,
I, Honoria, moulder in my shroud.

To Alimetus I bequeath regret—
Sad legacy!—and unavailing tears;
In youth's gay dawn our first affections met,
Fate join'd our days, and love increas'd with years.

O! lot of life most exquisitely plann'd;
Yet these delights, so blameless, so refin'd,
Some thoughtless power, with inconsiderate hand,
Dissolv'd at once, and scatter'd in the wind.

Sequel of Auld Robin Gray.

[*Author unknown.—See Preface.*]

THE spring it was past, it was summer nae mair,
And autumn had scatter'd the leaves in the air;
“Come, winter,” says Jenny, “thou’rt pleasing to me,
For the sun should look wae, when it shines upon thee.”

Nae langer she grat, her téars were all spent,
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content ;
 She thought it content,—but her cheek it grew pale,
 And she look'd like a snaw-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was vex'd, and her mother look'd wae :
 “ What ails thee my bairn,” she often would say ;
 “ Your wheel you turn round, but it comes little speed,
 For feeble your fingers, and weak is your thread.”

She smiled when she heard her, to ease her of fear,
 But sad is the smile that is seen through a tear ;
 And bitter the tear that is shed for a love
 Which honour and conscience can never approve.

Her father was vex'd, and her mother was wae,
 But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray ;
 He spake nae a word, but his cheek it grew lean,
 Like the side of a brae, where the torrents have been.

He ask'd her nae questions concerning her health,
 He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth ;
 His heart it grew grit, and often he feign'd
 To gang to the door, to see if it rain'd.

He took to his bed,—nae physie he sought,
 But bade all his friends around him be brought ;
 While Jenny supported his head in its place,
 Her tears trickled down, and they fell on his face.

“ Oh ! kill me not Jenny,” says auld Robin Gray ;
 “ I hae nae deserv'd this, I've something to say ;
 I ken'd nae, O' Jenny, I ken'd nae your vow ;
 In mercy forgive me—'twas I stealt your cow !

“ I care nae for Crommie, I thought but o’thee,
 I thought that she stood between you and me ;
 While she fed your parents, O did nae ye say,
 Ye never wad marry wi’ auld Robin Gray.”

The foreigner parted with him under the promise of renewing his visit the following day. The author was a man of universal philanthropy, but, like many more of his profession, his finances, although favourable, were not adequate to his generosity. The whole night was spent in thoughts how he should be of service to the unfortunate Zadok : if his own coffers could have furnished the means, an hour instead of a night would have sufficed for the consultation. A thought after some time struck him, which he conceived might answer his purpose. He had heard Don John mention he should want a tutor for his nephews, and he had no doubt but he could prevail upon him to give Zadok a trial, however *outré* at first he might appear. The Frenchman had even less difficulty on this point than he expected. His host possessed those unprejudiced and

liberal opinions which are the highest ornaments of the possessor. Zadok had an interview with Don John, who soon discovered his talents, and engaged him, provided he should be approved by his brother. Of his success in that point there was but little doubt: he was the shadow of every man who conversed with him; and there are very few men but what are pleased with their own shadow. The habit of a child had become even nature under the maturation of manhood; and Zadok was sure to please every body, because he was of every body's opinion. Don John insisted on his removing his parents to a small cottage he had empty in the suburbs of the city; and the French author, who a few days after quitted Seville, made him a present of a few pistoles to procure some comforts in their new dwelling.

Signior Zadok Bellzenipp and his parents were thus relieved from their immediate distresses, while the clouds of misfortune which had so long overcast their prospects were gradually dispelled by a few warm and cheering rays of prosperity.

CHAP. VI.

Good name in man or woman
 Is the immediate jewels of our souls ;
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,
 nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Othello*.

DON John de Mellas, in the first few interviews he had with signior Zadok, discovered him to be a man of genius and abilities ; while that part of his character which like a charm prepossessed every one in his favour, lost nothing of its force when pointed at the gay, lively, and yet penetrating man of fashion. Signior Zadok discovered from his literary friend (and indeed from common report) the principal traits in the disposition of Don John before he was introduced to

him, and his manners were instantly adapted to them : he was respectful, yet easy and unembarrassed ; he was witty, but not impertinent ; and facetious, without using too much freedom. The relation of the principal events in his life were pathetic and delivered from his heart ; they touched the feelings of his auditor, while the language in which they were given occasioned his admiration. The deformities of his person seemed to vanish when the spectator heard the softness and melody of his voice and he became immediately interested, when that voice was heard not merely as an echo to his own thoughts, but with arguments he was himself perhaps unable to use in defence of them. Such a man was certainly accounted a wise one by him whose opinions he pretended to adopt, and naturally attracted his esteem for defending them. That this trait in signior Zadok's manners might be termed *duplicity* is most certain ; and the extenuations that must be claimed for him are, the early habits of childhood, the cause that first occasioned those habits, and his never taking an ungenerous advantage of

the effects they produced in his favour. He had no vicious designs in making himself agreeable to the world ; he had no motive of interest but the procuring of an honest living for himself and parents by his own industry. Signior Zadok had been introduced to his new patron about three weeks before the arrival of Don Diego, during which he had dined twice at his table. No man was better versed in the delineation of character than Don John. On his first interview with Zadok he conceived his sentiments, manners, and ideas, to be very similar to his own ; but he was astonished when in a large party secretly to observe he appeared the counterpart of every man in company. His doubts whether he might be approved by his brother were soon dispelled, for he plainly perceived he could make himself as agreeable to Don Diego as to any other person. He foresaw right ; Don Diego was in raptures with him : signior Zadok was every thing that he could have wished. He talked much against the follies of the age ; declared Don Diego's system of education was the only one likely to preserve a youth from

the profligate vices of the day; and expressed the most profound contempt for the whole world, Don Diego and his nephew excepted. Don Diego, during the interview, made some observations on philosophy; signior Zadok was instantly a philosopher. Don Diego was an advocate for innate ideas, so was signior Zadok. Don Diego was a strong immaterialist, so was signior Zadok. Don Diego believed in predestination, so did signior Zadok. Don Diego maintained the opinion of future rewards and punishments, so did signior Zadok; and if Don Diego had thought quite different on these subjects, so would signior Zadok. He did not only implicitly agree to his notions, but he brought forward arguments in favour of them; and Don Diego declared he was the most clever, agreeable, little philosopher he had ever conversed with. "His conceptions," he exclaimed, "are both accurate and just; and the language in which he delivers them chaste and elegant."—"I perfectly agree with you," replied Don John.—The reason that

the two brothers agreed on this point was, because Zadok had agreed with both.

Orlando was permitted by his uncle to learn to dance and fence during the time he remained at Seville, but his improvement was by no means rapid in these accomplishments. They required a confidence he was unable to assume, and a degree of vivacity foreign to his disposition. His spirits were damped by never having been called into action, and the natural vigour of youth was lost for want of cultivation. He had been confined to the company of old people, and his manners partook of the solemnity he had witnessed in theirs. The robust and athletic actions of a boy were sunk in the formal weakness of age, and the fire and spirit of a young man of twenty obliterated by a nervous timidity which in general accompanies the latter years of existence. He had been taught to look forward towards a good name as a *goal*, to attain which he should sacrifice *every thing*; and unfortunately his uncle's instructions on this point (although delivered under the best motives) were not simplified enough to impress on his mind the very

great difference between the possession of such a name and the intrinsic qualities which should procure it. It is true he continually laboured to make him adore, even as a deity, the preservation of a fair character, and he at the same time informed him of the means by which it was to be obtained; but in these lectures, while he dwelled with epithets of admiration on the *title*, he would hastily pass over the virtues that were to compose it. This was by no means an error of the heart in Don Diego; no man was more tremblingly alive to every generous feeling that does honour to the human breast; but he should have considered, that, when he was inciting his nephew to the noble emulation of becoming a pattern to society, he was talking to one who, if he had not witnessed the vices of mankind, was, except in theory, equally a stranger to their virtues. It is certain that Diego expatiated with rapture on the perfect characters he traced in the pages of ancient and modern history, but the pictures of either virtue or vice are of faint colouring to the originals. Orlando would study such portraits in his closet; but was it pos-

sible he could feel that glow of animation as if the impressions had been carried to his soul by witnessing them among his fellow creatures? The praises of the author which were lavished on the heroes he was desired to study as models of human excellence heated his imagination, and made him conceive the reward well worth the exertions that gained them; but the virtues *alone* of the hero should have been held up for his idol, without any temptation, under the form of the benefits he would receive by adopting them. *That man* who looks up to his God only with the selfish view of procuring his own felicity hereafter, is no better than the profligate, who merely becomes reconciled to his father for the sake of his estates; and he who practises virtue for the *title* it confers is almost as culpable as him who commits vices without any consideration to the opinion of the world, or interested motives for his own welfare: the one, it is true, is an example to the community,—the other, perhaps, an enemy to it; but when we examine their motives, the latter must be pitied,

the former despised ; the one would be a villain if he dared, the other dares to be a villain, yet may perhaps possess some virtues, which, if they had been properly cherished, might have produced the most favourable consequences. These observations are by no means intended to cast the slightest veil over the deformities of vice, but to expose the fallacy of a pretence to virtue, and reprobate the hypocrisy that would assume it, only as a prize which repays the sacrifice of contrary inclinations. Don Diego would have shuddered at such effects, had they for a moment crossed his mind. He conceived he was forming his nephew as a model to the whole world ; and the very extraordinary pains he bestowed on the work might be alleged as the cause of its destruction. He educated him under all the anxiety of a man infatuated with his task, and trembling for its success ; while in his over care of the jewel with whose lustre he would have dazzled mankind he dimmed its brightness, and reduced it to the commonest gem. Orlando, in a very short time after his arrival at Seville, discovered, with infinite mortification,

that there were beings who appeared much superior to himself. His pride had been fed with the idea that he was a *rareté* among those of his own age; he had no proof to the contrary, and he implicitly believed assertions which sounded so agreeable. On his first arrival at Don John's, although labouring under a diffidence, the result of his recluse education, he had inwardly a full confidence of his own abilities, and began to look upon the *frivolité* of the companies to which he was introduced with a contempt similar to his uncle: but this contempt originated from a very different source; his uncle most sincerely detested it, and had some reasons for his abhorrence; while Orlando's condemnation arose more through spleen than real distaste; like Æsop's fox, who railed against the grapes he could not procure. It was in vain he strived to intermix in the lively sallies of the young parties who frequented Don John's; if he attempted to be gay, he perceived every one could discover it was *merely* an attempt; and if he copied the vivacity of their manners, it was indeed nothing but a *copy*. With the female

part of the visitors he was still more reserved and awkward; he looked upon them with admiration; but if he spoke, he trembled, blushed, and hesitated: he was most acutely sensible of their charms, yet he was timid, bashful, and embarrassed, in their presence. He gazed with all the eagerness of youthful passion on every girl he saw; but if their eyes happened to meet his, he hung his head with a childish sheepishness. He observed his brother and other young men romp and laugh with them under the most perfect freedom; he envied them, and would have wished to have done the same, yet he found it impossible. If they addressed him first (which was mostly the case), he laboured to make himself agreeable, by giving a studied and florid answer to their question; but, to his disappointment, he perceived this was no passport to their favour; none of them seemed inclined to listen to long sentimental harangues, or dry moralising precepts, to which they might have paid some attention if delivered from his uncle, but in him only created either their contempt or disgust.

His formal deportment and extreme solidity excited their ridicule instead of admiration; and he would have behaved far more to their taste, if, instead of his antique distant bow, he had approached much nearer, and treated them with far more familiarity. But Orlando, however he might appear to the world in general, was in the eyes of his uncle the most perfect being in it. "This is not a youth of the present day," he would exultingly whisper to himself, "who is as well versed in scenes of life as his grandfather; he is the very offspring of retirement, the real child of nature, whose innocence and ignorance of vice will serve him as a most powerful shield in his defence against its temptations."

Don John de Mellas, as has been before observed, was a man of considerable penetration: his disposition was naturally open and communicative, and there was no trait in the human character he so thoroughly detested as deceit. However he might at first have been interested in favour of signior Zadok, he very soon observed the predominant parts of his behaviour to be by no

means congenial to his taste. He narrowly watched him through the several progressive changes of his accommodating system, and the tutor lost much of his esteem by the scrutiny. Don John found him at one part of the day the very prototype of himself, lively, spirited, and gay, full of vivacity and repartee. The next hour, if Don Diego engaged his attention, he sunk into the grave moralising cynic. His discourse was intermixed with metaphysical arguments and assertions, adapted to the opinions of his auditor. In the evenings his transformations became general, he was any thing and every thing, according to the persons who addressed him, while the epithet of "*the agreeable little deformed gentleman*" was buzzed in every part of the saloon. Signior Zaddock was but little known to Don John. Circumstances had appeared much to his honour, and the relation of his distresses had given him a claim on his benevolence; but these events were not powerful enough to banish from his breast some doubts with respect to the sincerity of those virtues he had at first

supposed him to possess. Zadok began gradually to sink in his patron's opinion; and had not a discovery occurred, which appealed forcibly to Don John's feelings (the most vulnerable part to gain an opening to his friendship), it is doubtful whether the signior might ever have become the travelling-companion to the heroes of this tale. It happened one evening that Don Diego retired earlier than usual to his bed, through a slight indisposition, and that Don John had no particular engagement: it was warm, serene, and invitingly refreshing after the sultry heat of the day, which induced him to propose to the twins a ramble towards the suburbs of Seville. They readily accepted the pleasure of his company. The progress of night-fall in the streets of a gay and busy city gives various subjects for contemplation to a reflective mind, as well as the romantic scenery of a wild and picturesque country at the same hour. The gradual gloom which overspread itself in every part, and which is as gradually, though feebly, dissipated by the glare of numberless lamps, with illumined and decorated shops, added to the different

classes of mortals which are continually passing, at once produces an extensive field for moral observation. Don John's remarks on the motley groupes they met were just, spirited, and amusing. The time passed swiftly, and their walk was extended beyond their intended limits. They had strolled to the very outskirts of the town, and the light which gleamed from the casements of some cottages reminded them of the distance they had walked. "Three of those cottages, sir," said Osmund, "belong to you; and old Fabian has wished to speak to you this fortnight concerning some repairs which will shortly be necessary."—"I think I have some recollection," returned Don John, "of receiving a written complaint from one of the tenants two months past, but it has never since entered my mind until this moment. We will take the present opportunity of making some inquiry concerning it, for it is very uncertain when I may again be at leisure." They accordingly proceeded to the humble range of buildings, and Don John gained the information he wanted. In returning, the lattices of a lower room in one of the cot-

tages were open, and they were suddenly struck with the figure of signior Zadok in the apartment. It was the very habitation Don John had presented him with, for the short time he was to remain at Seville. An outside shutter which was unfastened, and which gently moved by the force of the wind, served to screen them from the observation of the inhabitants, while at intervals they had a full view of them, and their conversation was clearly to be heard. A curiosity in some respects foreign to the natural disposition of Don John at this interval seemed to detain him on the spot; the general character of the tutor had arrested his attention with a force he seldom experienced; and he now felt an irresistible impulse to become even a *listener*, to discover, if possible, the real ideas of one whose manners were so eccentric. He conceived, if ever Zadok discovered actions which actually sprung from the genuine dictates of his heart, it would be at this period, when he appeared to have no restraint in exhibiting his own sentiments. The means by which he had an opportunity to gain this information were

not strictly consistent with the open and liberal opinions he possessed; yet we seldom wish to obtain a point where a deviation from the etiquette of society is necessary, but we can palliate the error by numberless little excuses, which to our own mind fully justifies the conduct we pursue: thus it was with Don John; he conceived he had a right to the present advantage of signior Zadok's privacy, in behalf of the welfare of his nephews, who were to be committed to his care and instructions. The tutor appeared to have just entered, and seated himself between an elderly man and woman, whom the party instantly conjectured to be his parents. He took from his pocket a purse which Don Diego had presented to him the same morning, and which contained thirty pistoles. "This purse," he exclaimed, "was given me to-day by Don Diego de Mellas: my soul for a moment revolted at the idea of accepting a gift totally unearned; but when I considered the various little comforts it would procure my father and mother, I almost grasped at it with the avidity and eagerness of a miser. Gracious God!" he con-

tinued, "could I refuse *that* which would purchase you nourishment? Could I throw away the means to give you that succour you so much need and have so long wanted? Could I see you languish for the necessary comforts of existence, while I, in fastidious delicacy, put aside the hand which offered them? No. I would sooner perish under the ignominy of a robber to procure you food, than stand like a tame inanimate wretch and behold your misery with philosophical coolness. Take it," he cried, throwing it into the lap of his mother, "and purchase freely the necessaries you require; stint not yourselves under the idea of preserving any part for me. I am, thank Heaven! at present provided for; my patrons are noble and generous, and the benefits I receive from their benevolence shall convey warmth and animation to your aged bosoms. You cherished me at a time when even the crumbs you forced into my infant mouth served to lessen a part of your own scanty meals; you starved yourselves in rearing this poor, this weakly frame; and shall I, now you require the aid you so lavishly bestowed on me, forsake you? Shall

I, after the tenderness received during a sickly infancy, desert you in a sickly old age? No: I will strain every nerve for your subsistence; I will exert every power I possess to gild your declining years with some degree of felicity.”—His parents wept: Don John looked through the small opening in the shutter, and observed tears of parental love and ecstasy trembling on their withered cheeks: he saw the figure, the *deformed figure* of Zadok on one knee between them, his countenance beaming with filial affection; his person appeared that of an angel; while the moisture which dimmed Don John’s eyes confirmed how he sympathised in their feelings. The tutor took from his pockets some little dainties he had purchased; while Don John, taking an arm of each of his nephews, involuntarily exclaimed, “I have indeed discovered some real traits of his character!”

Don Diego had now remained six weeks at Seville, the longest period he had ever spent in the midst of society since his retirement in his melancholy castle; nor would he in the present instance have so far sacri-

ficed his inclinations, had not some powerful incitements urged him to be an eye witness of his nephews *début* into life. The effects he discovered, which originated from his *system of education*, during these six weeks, answered his most sanguine hopes. The time glided away with some degree of pleasure, when he hourly witnessed, in the manners of Orlando, what he construed to be the most favourable auguries to his design. But he soon began to sicken, even under such circumstances, at the gaiety and dissipation which surrounded him : he urged his brother to fix with him the day for Orlando and Osmund's departure ; he wished to see them set off for Madrid, and then resolved to return immediately to his own mansion. This point was shortly settled ; and the following week determined upon for the commencement of their journey.

Don John, in the interval, had a private interview with signior Zadok, and, with a sincerity of declaration peculiar to himself, made the tutor acquainted with the fears he had imbibed through his observations on a particular trait he had discovered in his

character. He freely confessed to him that trait was a general acquiescence to every one's opinion. He explained to him the danger which he conceived might result from such a mode of conduct being pursued with the young men who were to be committed to his charge; and concluded with a request, that they might remain an exception to the general rule he appeared to have adopted. "I am aware," continued Don John, "that you may have had the most powerful motives to procure the good will of mankind. I will frankly own to you that I am in some degree acquainted with the very laudable incitement that has urged you to practise such a modification of manners; and, as I request of you in some degree to alter them, I have certainly a right to alleviate the necessity I conceive to have been the cause: you will therefore do me a favour by accepting this piece of parchment, wherein I have made your parents comfortably independent, by giving them the cottage they now inhabit for their lives, and settling on them a small sum, to be paid quarterly, which will, I hope,

procure them every little comfort so necessary to their age and infirm state of health." Signior Zadok was unable to speak: the reply he was going to utter faltered on his lips. He clasped Don John's hand with a respectful fervency, and he dropped on it a tear of gratitude for his generosity. His thanks after a little time were delivered with a manly firmness. He informed him of the early origin of the habit he had contracted; and, although he could not promise entirely to divest himself of it, he most solemnly assured him that his nephews should never find him but of one character—that of a watchful and anxious guardian for their happiness.

The twins had several letters of introduction from each of their uncles to some of the most opulent and noble families in Madrid. The expenses of their domestic establishment, for which both Don Diego and his brother most liberally subscribed, were to be paid by signior Zadok, who was to draw for the sums on a banker of that city. Besides this settlement, the brothers were to be allowed a very handsome quarterly income,

merely for the support of their pleasures or extra expenditures. The evening before their departure the uncles made each of the twins a present of a purse with five hundred pistoles, as a small capital in pocket-money, for the commencement of their journey, and their entrance at Madrid. They likewise gave them some lessons for the arrangement of their future conduct; while they most solemnly assured them, that as long as they continued to deserve their regard, they would in every respect be considered and provided for as their own children.

“Be careful young men,” said Don Diego in one part of the advice which he conveyed to them, “of committing one dishonourable action, however trivial or *petit* it may appear; consider it as the link of a chain composed of many more, the magnitude of which increase in regular progression, while the enormities of the last are palliated by practising the first. If you should ever hesitate on a point of conduct contrary to your conscience, give yourself but one moment for consideration; and, instead of confining your thoughts to an abstracted view of the

error in which you are going to plunge, suffer them to expand and encircle the probable evils that may in various ways result from it. A man never acts against the moral or social laws of the world, but he in some way or other wishes to reconcile himself to the deed, which an inward monitor he is unable to silence continually tells him is wrong. He flies from conviction because he wishes not to feel its power; and he cheats himself under a shadow of security, which he dares not examine for fear of discovering its fallacy. If men in such situations were to behave with more sincerity to themselves, and had resolution enough to trace the *progressive evils* which may arise from one slight deviation from virtue, they would in general shrink from those effects with horror that otherwise, by a regular gradation, they behold with coldness and unconcern."

At an early hour in the morning Orlando and Osmund took an affectionate leave of their uncles. Otto and Cecil, the two servants who had been engaged to attend them, arrived with a very handsome equi-

page that had been purchased for the occasion, and in which they were to travel with hired horses until their arrival at Madrid. The twins, accompanied by signior Zadok, after many farewells, bid adieu to Seville, with all the glowing expectations natural to young minds which appear to have every pleasure and felicity within their own attraction.

Don Diego the following day departed towards his castle, under the most anxious solicitude for the welfare of his adopted child.

The period was indeed arrived that commenced the trial on the different characters of the brothers. The very opposite *systems of education* pursued by Don Diego and Don John were now to be explored as to their merits, by an experience at once definite and certain. The local boy of home-bred retirement, studiously screened from every scene of vice, carefully reared ignorant even of many of the various forms it assumes, and a stranger to the society of those of his own age, was to be contrasted to the pupil of early dissipation, the youthful

follower of every juvenile indiscretion, the votary of numerous follies, the possessor of innumerable foibles. It is most certain that neither of the *systems of education* adopted by the uncles should be viewed as a model particularly deserving of imitation. They were extended to two opposite points of extreme; and although, in the future delineation of the characters of Orlando and Osmund de Mellas, the effects of the one will be found successful, and those of the other equally unfortunate, it tends no further than to illustrate the opinions of some individuals, with respect to the far greater danger attendant in the execution of Don Diego's hypothesis, than in that which was pursued by his brother. It is likewise to be remembered, that Osmund experienced a most sincere friend and able adviser in old Fabian, his uncle's steward; and that the origin of various good traits, which he will hereafter discover, may be traced from that source. This faithful domestic modified in some degree the unbounded system of his master; and while Osmund might in every respect be considered as a pupil of pleasure, he was

neither suffered to remain in a brutal ignorance of his errors, nor was his bosom tainted with a *hardened* indifference to make him callous to the feelings they would sometimes occasion.

CHAP. VII.

By my rough magic I have oft bedim'd
 The noontide sun; call'd forth the mutinous winds;
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war! To the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire; and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt! Graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth,
 By my so potent art!

SHAKSPEARE.

No material circumstance worthy of notice occurred to the travelers during the first two days of their journey. On the second evening it was near dark before they arrived at a solitary inn which stood a considerable distance from the road side. It became necessary for them to stop at this place, as there was no house of accommodation for some leagues forward, and the way they had to proceed was through a lonely and extensive forest. The building was in-

deed by no means calculated to invite custom. It was large, gloomy, and antique; and appeared formerly to have been a mansion of some magnificence. The situation was uncommonly secluded, and it was partly surrounded by a copse which spread over a number of acres. The brothers and their tutor were supposed to be of some consequence by their equipage and attendants. The landlord, a short man, whose rosy plumpness foretold his calling, met them at the door. His loquacity was as remarkable as it was tiresome, while his head was in continual motion with his repeated bows. "This way, noble signiors!" he exclaimed, as he conducted them along an old-fashioned passage of great length: "very fortunate you happened to stop at this inn! any thing in the world to be had here; always ready, as I say to my wife—excuse my freedom, signiors—she is a good creature. Round this corner, if you please; rather dark to be sure; but never want light when we are by ourselves, as my wife says. Pray take care your honours of these steps—one,

two, three. Get a lamp in a moment." He no sooner concluded the last words than he disappeared for that purpose, after having conducted them the worst part of the way without one. Zadok opened a door which stood opposite, and they instantly entered a large Gothic room, at the farther end of which was the remains of a wood fire, and two persons seated by it, whom at the first moment they did not observe, owing to the gloom of the apartment, which had no light but what it received from the dying embers that at intervals gave a partial blaze. In proceeding forward, they discovered a tall figure of a man, wrapped close up in a long cloak, and a young girl seated by his side. They arose on discovering the visitors, and the female was ordered by her companion to leave the room in a voice peculiar for its hollow solemnity. She instantly obeyed the command, while Zadok and the brothers gazed with some astonishment on him who gave it. He appeared chagrined and disturbed at the notice they took of him, and instantly resumed the seat

he had left. His person was uncommonly tall, yet apparently well proportioned. Although his outside cloak evidently tended to conceal him, they easily perceived he wore the habit of a priest, while a large cowl covered his head and the principal part of his face. At times, however, they had a view of his countenance: it was pale and ghastly, yet his features seemed expressive and regular. His eyes were dark and penetrating; but his brows, being extremely large and full, gave them a ferocious wildness that struck the spectator with a distaste and horror, for which at first sight he could not account. The landlord, who had returned with candles, began a number of apologies for not being able to accommodate them with separate rooms, declaring *that* was the only parlour any way habitable in the whole house. He then began with various questions relative to what they would have for supper; and after giving a bill of fare which contained twenty courses, they found he was unable to produce any thing but a dish of eggs and rabbits. This they

ordered; and their talkative landlord, to their great pleasure, left them to prepare it. The priest continued to sit in the same posture, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the dying embers of the fire. It was in vain they attempted to draw him into conversation; he only answered their questions by monosyllables, and, in his manner of delivery, gave the inquirer to understand he did not wish to be interrupted. They at length desisted from any further exertions, having received a refusal to a polite offer they made him to partake of their supper. After the conclusion of their meal, the party again drew round the fire, which had been recruited by fresh wood, while the discourse was entirely confined to themselves.

The night was very tempestuous: loud and sudden gusts of wind shook every apartment in the solitary mansion, and died away with a lingering noise similar to thunder. "Such nights as these," said Zadok, in answer to an observation on the weather, "have ever been considered by poets as congenial to the perpetration of murder; and we seldom in fiction read a recital of any bloody

deed but what is accompanied with the appropriate scenery of a wild country and tremendous storm." Orlando by chance cast his eyes on the priest: his whole frame appeared agitated; his head was turned towards Zaddock; for a moment his features seemed distorted with horror, but he instantly with a trembling hand pulled his cowl still further over his face. The tutor, totally unconscious of the emotions his last words had occasioned, still continued: "This evening, however, brings to my recollection a dreadful event which happened in my own family about five-and-twenty years past. I was but young; yet the impression it left on my mind has never been erased. A distant relation of my mother's, travelling from Oviedo to Salvador, was cruelly murdered about this hour, and on a similar night, in passing a small wood into which she was led by the perfidy of her guide; but what made the catastrophe still more dreadful, was the discovery that the murderer was her own uncle." The priest uttered a stifled groan; his eyes moved with convulsive wildness, while he stamped his foot with violence on the em-

bers to smother the flame which shone on his countenance. The attention of Zaddock and the brothers was instantly fixed upon him, but they alleged his behaviour to the horror he felt at the tale. Orlando soon after left the room to give some directions to his servant, when, in crossing the kitchen of the inn, he was suddenly accosted by the landlord, who requested to speak with him alone, and for that purpose conducted him to a small closet adjoining. "I hope your honour will excuse what I am going to say," he whispered in a tone of some embarrassment; "but what can a man do, as I says to my wife, when he is put to the point. Now you see, your honour, we have never had so large a company in this house but twice since I have been landlord, and therefore we are not very well prepared for your honour's accommodation, as I may say. To be sure, signior, you may very justly remark, that I might have told you so at first; but then one is loth to refuse a good offer, as my wife says:—your honour takes me? no offence I hope." Orlando was tired with this harangue, and inquired ra-

ther petulantly what it was he intended to say, and why he detained him? "Stop but for a moment, your honour, and I will tell you all, returned the inn-keeper," still keeping his finger up to his mouth as a motion of secrecy. "You must know that father Theodosius, the priest who is in yonder room, is a very strange kind of a man as I may say : he has visited my inn twice during these last twelve months; and what astonishes us all is, that he will suffer no person to sleep even in the next apartment to him. The chamber he will always insist upon having is at the very end of the long gallery above; and although there is a good bed and every accommodation in the adjoining one, yet he will never suffer it to be inhabited when he occupies the other. Now, your honour, we come to the very critical part of the business, as my wife says; for, to tell you the truth, we have more guests than beds. The young lady who came with the priest was entirely an unexpected visitor, for we never saw him in such company before. Now, if your honour would have the kindness to sleep in this

chamber I have mentioned next to the father's, we could manage well enough; for I have no doubt but I could prevail upon that little, civil, crooked gentleman to put up with a small bed in the same chamber with your honour's brother."—Orlando's curiosity was excited: there was something very strange in the landlord's tale with respect to the priest; and, after some hesitation, he inquired if he knew the cause of such particularity? "Lord; no, your honour," answered the man; "he is as silent and close as the grave: no such thing as making him out, as my wife says. Folks to be sure talk strange things; and many even swear downright he deals with the devil. Mercy upon us!" he exclaimed, while he crossed himself with great devotion: "the holy virgin will, I hope, protect my apartment from being made a band-box for Lucifer. To be sure there are strange noises heard there sometimes; and there are people who declare they have seen a tall figure look out of the window as high as a steeple, and as slim as the wax-tapers, in the church of our lady." Orlando smiled. "Ah, indeed, your

honour, but it is no laughing matter," continued the landlord: "I verily believe as how he is in a kind of partnership with the old one, for he has all manner of devilish instruments that he carries about with him. You may tell a man by his accoutrements, as my wife says. Why, your honour, his room is sometimes covered with diabolical magical tools that would make your honour's hair stand on end to look at them. There is a crucible that I dare say he has conjured Satan into many a time; and my wife swears the last time she warmed his bed, she could feel the devil dance round the pan like a whirligig." — The natural gravity of Orlando's countenance could not overcome the risibility which the landlord's absurdity occasioned. His curiosity, however, would not permit him to refuse his request; but he inquired how he could possibly sleep in the chamber unknown to the priest, who was so extremely cautious. "Very easily, your honour," answered the landlord; "he is always satisfied if he locks the door, and takes the key himself: now he is not aware that there is another small

one which opens into the third chamber from his, and which is prepared for your honour's brother. Now, when the father retires, he will, as usual, look into the second apartment, and fasten the door; but then your honour can easily slip into it afterwards, and he be none the wiser, as I may say." Orlando agreed to the proposition, and the landlord was unbounded in his thanks.

On his return to the parlour the priest had just rose to depart; who, with a slight bow, and in solemn silence, stalked out of the room. Orlando concealed his conversation with the landlord from his fellow-travelers; and, after a few general remarks on the eccentricity of the father's behaviour, they desired to be showed to their beds.

Orlando was first conducted by the landlord, the way he had mentioned, to *his* apartment, where he softly began to examine if there was any opening through which he could see into the next room. It was extensive, gloomy, and extremely antique. The few articles of furniture it contained had formerly been of no common quality. After a short examination

he discovered a very small aperture between the boarding to the partition of the adjoining chamber, by means of which he was able to view one side of it. This room appeared still larger than the one he inhabited, and the contents of it about the same value. By the direction in which his eye was placed he saw part of the bed, that appeared formerly to have been composed of rich and elegant materials, but which now, through the ravages of time, and the uncommon heaviness of its form, resembled the gloomy inclosure of a tomb. In the front was a looking-glass of very large dimensions, surrounded by a heavy frame, the gilding of which was entirely destroyed. This glass reflected the remainder part of the bed, and extended his view nearly to the opposite angle of the chamber, which was dark and obscure, receiving no other light than from a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling by a silk cord at some distance. The monk was seated at a table near it: he rested his head on one hand in a thoughtful posture; his eyes seemed fixed on vacancy, while his countenance at in-

tervals expressed considerable agitation. The paleness of his complexion appeared uncommonly ghastly from the faint beams which fell on his face from the lamp; and his whole form was rendered particularly awful through the gloom that surrounded him. Orlando gazed on the scene before him with astonishment, not entirely unaccompanied by some sensations of horror. His attention had been too much taken up in the first few moments of his observations to notice a large crucible which was placed upon the table at which the priest was seated. This utensil brought to his mind the hints of the landlord respecting his concern in magic; and he soon discovered many other instruments of a strange figure, as well as several phials containing liquids of various colours.

Orlando had read of men possessed of supernatural powers, as well as those who were reported to be skilled in natural magic, by a knowledge in the mixture of miscellaneous drugs. His mind, however, was by no means shackled with superstition. Although he had often heard the terrific tales of his uncle's ancient domestics, yet Don

Diego's lectures on these points had been forcible enough to counteract the effects they might otherwise have had on his understanding. He watched the actions of the priest with an anxiety which proceeded more from curiosity than from any conviction he felt of his being a magician; and when he saw him in the act of using those drugs he had noticed, he waited the result of their operations without labouring under the least apprehensions that they would produce any thing to alarm him.

Theodosius had no sooner poured them into the crucible, than he placed it on a small iron grate which contained a fire composed of charcoal. He then took a small book from his pocket, and seemed to read with some degree of attention; but his face was visibly agitated, and the hand which held it trembled violently. His eyes at intervals were turned towards the glass, as if in expectation of seeing other reflexions in it more than his own figure; but he quickly removed them again; while the sight of his countenance occasioned him uncommon horror. Sometimes he threw the book on

the table—after having appeared to repeat part of the contents with peculiar agony of mind and body—as if he had finished a task most acutely painful; and then again he recommenced his use of it with a languid unwillingness, that confirmed he committed on himself a most severe punishment. After half an hour spent under such kind of emotions, he removed the crucible from the fire, and placed it on a marble shelf which projected before the glass. He then took a small phial from his pocket, which contained a liquid the colour of putrefied blood, and threw it by single drops into the vessel. A kind of blue smoke immediately began gradually to ascend from it, and continued slowly to spread into a vapour, which rose to the top of the chamber, and entirely concealed the looking-glass from view. Orlando's astonishment increased: the figure of the monk, in the midst of the apparent sulphureous fog he had occasioned, was remarkably striking: his hands were clenched together as if he was agitated by excruciating tortures; his loose black garments were swelled out with the force of the in-

flammable air that encircled him ; while his countenance was turned towards the glass under an expression of the most dreadful and horrid expectation. As the mist dispersed his features seemed less distorted. Orlando's eyes were alternately turned towards the priest and the object that appeared so greatly to claim his attention, when, to his inexpressible horror, he perceived reflexions in the mirror totally different to any thing contained in the chamber. He by degrees discovered a figure standing in the centre, who across one arm supported a lifeless female body. Orlando could hardly believe his powers of vision were perfect ; he removed his eyes from the aperture for a few moments, and placed them again in their former situation. The chamber was clearer of smoke, and he saw the ghastly reflexion more correctly. The male figure had an uncommonly ferocious and savage appearance : his dress was like that of a Spanish bravo or leader of banditti ; his hat and black feather screened a part of his visage, but his looks were fixed upon the priest. The corpse which he supported seemed the

body of a young female : it was covered with white muslin. Her eyes were closed, the face extremely pale, and the hair, which was clotted with blood, partly covered the features. She appeared to have received a wound between her breasts, and her countenance seemed convulsed with the last pangs of dissolution. The male figure moved several times : he extended his arms, and pointed to the body he held. The monk watched every motion with considerable perturbation, although the sight appeared to occasion him great pleasure. After some minutes he again poured some drops of the dark-coloured liquid into the crucible ; the blue smoke, as before, arose and concealed the glass from observation. The priest seated himself and perused his book : the mist evaporated ; but the reflexion of the figures was no longer to be perceived.

Orlando, during the time he witnessed this scene, was so engaged in attending to its effects, that an idea of the causes which produced them never entered his mind. The sight occasioned in him a peculiar horror he had never before experienced. He

could in no respect account for the reflexions in the looking-glass, but by supernatural means, however he had been taught to consider such powers as ridiculous. That there were no other persons in the chamber but the priest was certain ; for the only door that opened into it was nearly opposite to his eye, and on the same side as the glass. He had now the thought to turn to the angle of the apartment which faced the mirror ; but, although the rays of the lamp had little power to dissipate the gloom which shadowed it, he could plainly perceive there were no signs of any entrance, and that a large heavy picture occupied nearly the whole of the space from the angle to the bed. Lost in various conjectures on the event, he softly undressed himself and retired to rest, after observing the priest throw himself upon the bed without taking off his clothes. Orlando's reflexions on the circumstances he had discovered were confused and various ; his sensations were similar to those of one who is, against his will, made sensible of some truth he has all his life been endeavouring to suppose is false :

the more he dwelt on the idea of a man possessing powers so superior to his fellow-creatures, the glaring absurdity of it increased; and yet, when he attempted to convince himself of the error, the sight he had just beheld in the looking-glass baffled at once all his arguments, and made him a convert to the belief of magic. "Shall I," said he, "who have received an education which should serve to free my mind from the shackles that oppress the unlearned, fall under the most strong and gross ties that they experience? Shall I become a slave to the idea, that a mixture of different drugs, and the repeating caliginous words, will produce effects opposite to the general course of nature? Yet I have just witnessed a scene that seems to shake every doubt I might have entertained to the contrary, and which has impressed me with sensations of horror I shall ever most forcibly remember."

From such a mode of reasoning on the behaviour of the priest, he was naturally led into a train of conjectures on the causes that could urge him to it: but he was equally perplexed in this reverie. In his

resolutions with respect to his own conduct on the discovery he made upon the monk's privacy, traits which originated from his reclused education were again predominant, and the confinement of his ideas for want of general society appeared at once in colours the most vivid. Orlando determined that what he had seen should be carefully concealed within his own breast. It might naturally have been supposed he would have flown with eagerness the next morning to have related the event to Zadoc and his brother; but his reflexions on this subject were very different to those which the generality of young men would have experienced on the same occasion. He panted for no confidant to share with him the knowledge he had gained: the reason was obvious; he had never experienced the satisfaction resulting from such a mode of conduct; he had never been in a situation to tempt him to pursue it. Accustomed only to companions whose age was double his own, he had never enjoyed that unlimited confidence which is mostly produced by minds whose friendship is cemented by a similarity of years and disposition. Even

allowing *that* distinction to be annihilated which is caused by a commanding respect from the younger to the elder, a lad of fifteen could feel little inclination to disclose his juvenile ideas to a man of fifty. If, then, the opportunity is denied for such social communication, the mind must be in some degree confined; and while it broods over its own thoughts in silent attention, it becomes insensible to the felicity of sharing them with another. Orlando had been used to bury every little boyish notion in his own bosom; he had no one but his uncle or his old domestics to participate with him, and he consequently became a miser in the possession of them. The scene he had just witnessed was of a most extraordinary nature, yet it is probable that the idea of immediately communicating a description of it to the companions of his journey was by no means one of his first considerations. Even if such a thought had entered his mind, he had views which would at once have urged him to have concealed his observations. During the evening he had been informed that the priest was traveling towards

the monastery of St. Mark, of which order he had formerly been a member. Orlando had understood that the residence of the marquis d'Olvernardo, to whom their principal letter of introduction was addressed, joined the holy building. The behaviour of father Theodosius had given him some reason to suspect he was an aggressor in crimes of a most heinous nature, independent of his knowledge and use of magic. From his extreme agitation at Zadok's observation after supper on the murder of his relation, and from the reflexion of the figures he had seen in the glass, there were some grounds for supposing him to be guilty of shedding human blood. If such was the case, Orlando concluded he should in all probability have opportunities of making further remarks on his arrival at Madrid. By such proceedings, with the knowledge he already possessed of the priest's private actions, there was some likelihood of his bringing him to justice, and perhaps making known crimes under which the public might for years have languished without being able to redress them. Such a deed would at once convey

an adequate conception of his sagacity to the world, and astonish them with the steady, wary, and uncommon penetration he possessed, so different from the generality of men. His name would at once become a general theme for approbation, and he would be able to command that respect for his understanding for which he so ardently sighed.

Such was the concluding reverie of Orlando; and the resolution of concealing this night's adventure within his own bosom might possibly in part arise from a wish to monopolise the whole of the visionary fame he had planned. Orlando was a young and avaricious advocate for this kind of treasure: he adored it with that voraciousness of appetite which urged him to use every exertion for procuring it.—The following morning, at rather an early hour, the travelers departed from the solitary inn; while the priest and his fair companion had quitted it some hours before.

CHAP. VIII.

The fleeting joys which all affords below
 Work the fond heart with unperforming show ;
 The wish that makes our happier life complete,
 Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great ;
 Nor loosely sails on pleasure's easy stream,
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame.

PARNELL.

THE brothers experienced no farther adventure during the remainder of their journey. On their arrival at Madrid they took lodgings at one of the first hotels in the city, and resolved to remain there until they had viewed the principal parts, and should be able to make choice of a situation to fix their general residence. After a day's rest they determined to present their letter of introduction to the marquis d'Olvernardo. This nobleman had lived in great habits of friendship with Don Diego and Don John de Mellas; and although he was some years younger, yet the strictest intimacy had subsisted between them. After the removal of

Don Diego and his brother to the province of Andalusia, a correspondence had been regularly kept up, and the marquis had paid each of them one visit since they had taken leave of Madrid. His attachment had appeared in every respect truly sincere ; and one of the principal causes was supposed to arise from his having received a trifling pecuniary assistance from them, at a time when some unforeseen events had in a great degree embarrassed his affairs.

The brothers and signior Zadok were directed to the castle of Olvernardo, which stood in the suburbs of the city. It was a large gloomy pile of great dimensions, and seemed formerly to have been a fortress of very considerable strength. Its lofty turrets and Gothic arches inspired a gloom totally inconsistent with the splendid and pompous dwelling of a Spanish noble, and the whole of the exterior conveyed no adequate ideas of the refined luxuries which it was known to contain. It had been surrounded by a deep moat that was now filled up, and the ground elevated several feet above the surface of the earth to form a handsome

terrace, which was inclosed with iron railing, and to which there was an ascent at each end by a flight of circular stone steps. The heavy porticoes in each of the four wings still remained, and a piazza of low Gothic columns was continued entirely round the building. On requesting an audience and sending in their names, they were conducted through a gloomy hall to a library magnificently furnished, although its embellishments were massy and antique. The marquis was seated at the further end, apparently lost in deep reflexion; nor did he notice the entrance of the visitors until the servant announced their names. He then immediately rose, and in a manner the most warm welcomed them to Madrid. The happiness he expressed at seeing the adopted sons of his old friends was delivered with an energy that proved it to be sincere; and his having had no intimation of their arrival in the last letters he had received from Andalusia occasioned him a greater surprise and pleasure. He was a man of large stature, but remarkably well proportioned. His deportment was

noble and dignified, his manners elegant and graceful, yet formal and ceremonious. His features were expressive; but there was a *sombre* shade pervaded the whole of his face, which was instantly perceivable, and seemed to indicate a heart but ill at ease. "I must request your forgiveness," he cried, "if I do not apparently fulfil the etiquette of hospitality in such a manner as to express the very great pleasure I experience at your unexpected arrival in our city; my health has lately become much impaired, and I must claim, under the character of a valetudinarian, an excuse for my negligences." After some further conversation he desired to know if they had yet fixed upon a residence; and, being answered in the negative, he insisted that they should for the present take up their abode in the castle. The brothers urged that it was the desire of their uncles that they should, as soon as possible, form an establishment of their own. The marquis declared that should be no hindrance; for if it was their wish to keep more domestics there was plenty of room for them. They were necessitated to agree to

his invitation, and they promised, after having given their servants some necessary orders for their removal, to return to dinner. There was a languid depression in the manners of their host which appeared perfectly to confirm his complaints of the ill state of his health. His complexion was pale, his eyes sunk and heavy, and the whole of his countenance expressive of a most forcible dejection; yet his majestic noble deportment and insinuating manners immediately interested every one whom he addressed. On their return to the castle at the hour appointed, they were introduced to his family, which consisted of his wife, a son, and daughter. The marchioness was a tall elegant woman, who seemed turned of forty; she possessed some remains of beauty, but her manners were gross and assuming. Her marriage with the marquis, there was every reason to suppose, must have originated from sordid motives: her fortune was very large, yet she was neither accomplished nor delicate; her understanding was but little cultivated; and, in short, when considered under

the *tout ensemble*, she was by no means calculated to dispense happiness to a man whose refinements appeared so predominant as those of her husband. Albert was two years older than his sister; he had just attained his twentieth year: he greatly resembled the figure which his father might have been supposed to possess at this age. His countenance was open and animated, yet not regularly handsome. His form was uncommonly graceful and manly, and his manners remarkably spirited. His education had been by no means neglected; but a peculiar passion for reading the romances with which the libraries of his country so plentifully abounded had served in great measure to impede those studies which his father would have wished him to have pursued, and had infused into his mind a romantic disposition for adventures and difficulties that plunged him into various unpleasant situations, in which he always conceived himself the knight or hero of some terrific tale he had read. Few young women in Madrid who had any claim to beauty failed to receive serenades from him by

the light of the moon ; and where there was any difficulty in becoming acquainted with a female, such was immediately the object of his choice. His form and manners were well adapted to please that sex to whose good opinion he would have sacrificed every thing ; his heart was warm, generous, and susceptible of the finest feelings ; but his mind was by no means in a high state of cultivation, or his understanding above mediocrity.

Isabella was about eighteen ; her figure was rather *petite*, yet elegant and interesting : a natural vivacity in her disposition served perhaps to insure her that general admiration which her person could in no respect be supposed to excite. Her features and contour of countenance were pleasing, but by no means beautiful ; the hilarity of her blue eyes contained the principal personal attraction she possessed ; yet yet there was a *naïveté* in her carriage and manner most truly fascinating. She was accomplished in the modern acquirements of the day, and possessed powers of intellect very different to what the general

tenor of her conduct would have foretold; but she was too thoughtless for much study, and too volatile for reflexion. Good temper, a good heart, and an uncommon sincerity, were the leading traits in her character; she was always easy, affable, and gay; and possessed merely that degree of pride which was sufficient to support the dignity of her sex, where an unjust conception of her liveliness subjected her to the insults of the ignorant or ungenerous.

Such were the outlines of the characters which formed the family of Olvernardo. Their mode of living was sumptuous and elegant; they classed with the first rank of the inhabitants of Madrid, and stood the most favourite attendants at the throne of their sovereign. The marquis had for many years been a principal performer in the state, and it was through his interest that Alphonso de Mellas, the father of the twins, was appointed to that embassy in which he was unfortunately lost.

In a very short time the whole of the party, except the marquis and Orlando, were perfectly free, easy, and well acquainted

with each other. The former was thoughtful and spoke but little, yet laboured to impress on the minds of his visitors the very great pleasure he received from their company. The latter was, as usual, reserved, embarrassed, and uncomfortable; every action was forced and mechanical, while the few sentences he uttered appeared the result of an hour's consideration. His eyes wandered round the splendid apartment in which they dined, as if he dreaded to fix them on any one object in it; and during the time he quitted his knife and fork between each mouthful which he swallowed, he was at a loss where to place his hands or how to adjust his elbows. He smiled at the sprightly conversation between Osmond, Albert, and Isabella; sometimes he appeared as if going to answer them, but the instant a pause of silence gave rise for attention Orlando lost the power to reply, and shrunk from every effort to draw forth his sentiments. This timidity and bashfulness was not altogether a matter of astonishment when his very recluse life, from the early age of infancy, is considered:

it is true he had some opportunities of improvement during his short stay at Seville; but Orlando had arrived at those years when the habits of childhood are nearly matured into impressions which may be termed second nature. He felt most severely his own deficiencies, which was the principal cause that retarded his attempts to overcome them. Had his mind been less susceptible of the difference he beheld in himself to other young men, he would the more easily have accomplished his struggle to imitate them; but his very acute ideas of his diffidence served only to increase it. Had he been a few years younger, his awkward manners might have seemed less *outré*, and passed without such general notice; but as it was the appearance of a young and vigorous youth of twenty, was blended with the shyness of infancy, and the listlessness of age.

“How is it,” he would exclaim to himself, “that I was taught to suppose I should strike the world with admiration immediately I appeared in it? So far from being revered, I seem inferior to the generality

of that part of mankind with whom I associate ; instead of respect, their behaviour to me borders on derision ; instead of receiving pleasure from my company, I apparently almost create their disgust. Am I not far above them in mental endowments ? Do I not daily discover in them errors, which prove them to be more unlearned than myself ? And am I not competent to overcome them in every discussion on school study in which I may choose to engage ? Yet surely my uncle has painted mankind very different to what they at present appear ? Can the transformation have been so general since he first abandoned society, or has the picture he so laboriously delineated on my youthful mind received too harsh a colouring from the spleen or prejudice of its artist ? Gracious heaven ! it is impossible ; a man of Don Diego's knowledge can never have been so deceived. It is I that am obscured in error. I am infatuated with the flimsy follies of which he has so often cautioned me to be wary. I have not an adequate conception of my own abilities ; and the idea that others

are not sensible of them is fancy. They must in time be convinced, that I have not for ten years past been carefully confined, the pupil of retirement and study, to be outshone by the mere empty and gaudy butterflies of fashionable folly."

Every whispered soliloquy of this kind was generally concluded in a full confirmation of his own merits by a degradation of those in others. He dwelt with rapture on the thought that, when he conquered the natural bashfulness of his character, he should at once rise to that eminence of perfection amongst his fellow creatures for which he had so often languished and looked forward to in his mind's eye. He panted to become an oracle to his brother citizens, and by his example make them reverence his doctrines. From what secret springs did such emulation arise? Alas! not from the benevolence of a heart which is warmed for the welfare of others, but from an inward pride, which deluded him under a semblance of virtue, and which urged him to claim as a demand the flattering epithets of the world, by persona-

ting a character which deserved them.—The noble and disinterested actions of a *good man* are performed almost intuitively, without any considerations or forebodings of the profits he may derive from them ; and such a man would sooner throw his purse in the dark into the shivering bosom of a beggar, (whose ignorance of his benefactor would in every respect prevent his publishing his name,) than he would, in the glare of day, pompously relieve the mendicant, or enrol his name with a sumptuous donation in the list of voluntary contributions to a public charity. How often is the mercenary disguised in the garb of liberality ! How often are the dark designs of villany concealed under the mask of universal philanthropy !

The brothers understood a large party were to assemble in the evening ; it was therefore necessary they should make some alterations in their dress. Albert conducted them to the chambers which had been prepared for them, and where their servants had already conveyed the chief part of their wardrobe. These rooms were in the east part of the castle, and at the further extent of those suit

of apartments usually inhabited by the family. They followed their young guide through several arched passages of Gothic structure which were elegantly ornamented. At the further end of the gallery in which the chambers for the twins and their tutor were situated, a pair of folding doors appeared to terminate the centre part of the castle: they were of large dimensions, and seemed extremely heavy; while three iron bars of great weight served, in addition to two locks, to keep them from being opened. The visitors viewed them with some attention, which Albert observed. "That is the dismal entrance," said he, "to the east wing of our castle, which not a soul is ever suffered to peep into; I have been told it contains nearly as many rooms as the centre, and am certain it returns much further northwards, although not at right angles; for the boundary walls join those of the monastery of St. Mark." Orlando inwardly started at the mention of that building. "My father is uncommonly tenacious of these rooms ever being entered: we are all at a loss to account for his meaning in this particular; and I confess I

have more than once been tempted to disobey his orders. Only conceive, now, the faint and mellow beams of light which proceed from a full moon, conveyed into some of those ruinous apartments through the lofty and heavy casements. Gods! how I have longed to observe the effect. And then some lovely damsel, close veiled, all in white, with palpitating bosom and sparkling eyes, listening to her lover's vows, who swears by all that's ——." During this exclamation he had grasped the delicate arm of Zadok (the slimness of which might indeed well be taken for that of a female) with an ecstasy which made the tutor elevate his voice with the pain he experienced. The young Quixote was rather chagrined; and having begged pardon for his abruptness, in a whisper requested to know of Osmund if he suffered that little crooked gentleman, his tutor, to follow them about like a spaniel? "By heavens," said he, "he puts me in mind of the little dwarfs which pop up from the walls of an enchanter's palace immediately you sound the horn at the gate; and I am sure if I was to see him on the turrets of our castle, I should address him

under that character." Osmund laughed. "Nay, but now, my dear friend," continued Albert, "upon my soul that solid looking brother of yours and little Zadok exactly personate the figures of some sage magician and his familiar spirit.—Pray, is the little gentleman married? I declare it would be something new to see him paired with a lady of his own dimensions and shape. Egad I have an excellent thought—You must know I am going to write a romance, quite after the old style, nothing but magic, witchcraft, and hobgoblins: I'll introduce little Zadok as a master of the black art, and make him marry a twin sister equally skilled in magic, while nobody shall be able to distinguish one face from the other but by the appearance of a beard."—"I admire the novelty of your idea," answered Osmund, still laughing; "but if you are determined to represent the traits of his disposition as well as the accurate description of his person, you must draw him as one possessed of a noble soul; whose deformed body may be compared to a rough and ill-shaped casket which contains jewels the most precious and valu-

able."—"By all that's wonderful," replied Albert, "I should not have supposed you could have made so fine a speech: those very words will do for my romance; I'll take them down in a moment; or perhaps you will be able to keep them in mind till night, when we shall have more leisure." They now again joined Zadok and Orlando; the latter was relating the history of a group of figures that were represented on the tapestry which formed the hangings of his chamber. "Why your brother seems to have found the use of his speech!" exclaimed Albert in a half whisper as they entered: "by St. James he preaches like a parson; father Theodosius, our confessor, will be envious of his eloquence." The name of Theodosius struck forcibly on the ear of Orlando, and did not escape the notice of Zadok; while Osmund, well recollecting his very strange behaviour at the inn, inquired, with some surprise, if it was father Theodosius, late of the monastery of St. Mark. "The very same," answered Albert; "a most unaccountable mortal, but very intimate with my father; nobody knows what to make of

him but myself, and I generally laugh at him." Orlando, who listened to every word of the conversation relative to the priest with some agitation, felt himself irresistibly urged to inquire further concerning him; but beginning his questions with a very solemn preface, Albert conceived, by the grave turn of his countenance, that he was going to rebuke him for speaking so lightly of the father, and determined to escape the expected lecture: therefore, affirming he meant no affront to the sacred cloth of the confessor, he declared he must immediately leave them to dress for the evening. Orlando's mind was fully taken up with reflexions on his late discovery of Theodosius's actions, until a servant summoned them to the saloon, where he found other subjects for observation, and plentiful employment in regulating and adjusting his own actions.

Although it was then an early hour, the assembly was brilliant and numerous. The twins were introduced by the marquis as the nephews and adopted children of friends, who, although resident in a distant province, he should ever most sincerely esteem

and regard. Nor was signior Zadok forgot in his acts of courtesy. The letters of introduction from the uncles mentioned him in the highest terms, and requested he might in every respect be considered as the friend, and by no means the dependent on his pupils. Such a request was at once a passport to the marquis's friendship and civility ; but the tutor, even in the few hours he had been in the castle, had already so far exerted his general system of pleasing, that he was considered by all who had as yet spoke to him as a very agreeable though crooked little gentleman. The marquis, to every party that was announced after Orlando and Osmund had entered the saloon, took a hand of each and introduced them together. Although the similarity of their persons was remarkably striking, the dissimilarity of their manners was equally so. The easy, frank, and polite address of Osmund, added to the ingenuous and open smile which accompanied his words, rendered his brother's aukward timidity and downcast eyes still more conspicuous ; the generality of the company gazed on him with an asto-

nishment almost bordering upon ill manners; till at length he sunk into a seat at a remote and retired part of the room, where he escaped their observations, and was tortured by his own feeling.

Osmund wandered among the fashionable crowd with Albert, from whom he gleaned the outlines of several characters which struck his eye. "That elderly and respectable looking gentleman you see yonder," said he, "is Don Everard de Gosmond; and that charming lovely female who sits next to him is his only child."—"The very person I wished to see," exclaimed Osmund: "I have a letter of introduction to him from my uncle Don John."—"And you shall deliver it in due time," answered Albert; "but first let me give you some few traits of his character, that you may not innocently affront the old Don in the common topics of conversation. You must know he was formerly a grazier, or dealer in beasts, which he considers as the greatest misfortune of his life, although the riches and splendor he now enjoys may be traced from that source. He accumulated, in the younger

part of life, a very large fortune by such kind of traffic; which, added to a very handsome bequest from a distant relation, at once placed him in point of riches on an equality with any man in Madrid. Immediately his avarice was glutted by his successful dealings and unexpected legacy, Don Everard formed another goal for attainment which he has been by no means so fortunate as to gain. This was, to smother the recollection of his late calling and situation by the elegance and splendor of his present mode of living. The poor gentleman, however, soon found that his very efforts to extinguish the publicity of his origin only tended to increase it, and that various malicious reports instantly arose when it was discovered he felt ashamed to own that the principal source of his riches was industry; which indeed was the only point relative to them that did him honour. So tenacious is he of reflexions on his late profession, that he feels himself much displeased if the least allusion is made in his presence any way relative to it; and strangers have very often innocently offended

him by making cattle the subject of their conversation ; or praising, with two great discrimination, the flavour of a joint of meat. His general mode of acquainting strangers with the sumptuous and elegant style of his living is under pretended complaints of its extravagance ; and while he gives a florid description of the luxuries which surround him, he condemns them as superfluous, to raise the idea of their value. The charming Cassandra has had every accomplishment bestowed upon her that wealth or parental care could procure. Her constitution is delicate, and her spirits generally seem depressed ; yet her mind is highly cultivated, and her bosom possessed of those inestimable feminine feelings which gain her the general admiration of all who know her.”—

“ You paint her,” answered Osmund, “ in such glowing colours, that by heavens I am impatient to be introduced to the original.”—

“ On the word of a true knight,” continued Albert, as he led his companion to that part of the saloon where Don Everard and his daughter were seated, “ I have not powers of description equal to her merit ; and

although she has neither laughing eyes nor a playful countenance, yet her languishing smile and timid blush is sure to enchant every beholder.”—“ By the days of chivalry, sir knight,” returned Osmund, “ but this fair damsel certainly holds you in her chains.” By this time they stood before the objects of their conversation. After an introduction by the marquis, who was near them, Osmund claimed pardon for a breach of etiquette, and delivered his letter. Orlando, who had at that moment joined Zadok, was passing near the spot, when the marquis likewise introduced *him* to Don Everard. The old gentleman paid them many compliments, and expressed his happiness at seeing the relatives of his old friends. “ Cassandra will I am sure,” said he, turning to his daughter, “ join me in her congratulations on the event; and at once let me convince you I shall in no respect receive you in my mansion under the form of complimentary visitors, by giving you a mere verbal invitation for to-morrow evening. The twins and Zadok bowed assent, and returned him thanks for his friendly politeness. His

daughter likewise welcomed them to Madrid. The softness of her manners was indeed, as Albert had described them, extremely fascinating; and although they might almost have been construed into bashful timidity, yet they seemed to heighten the natural charms she possessed. Her form was graceful and elegant; her features regular, delicate, and expressive; while the extreme fairness of her complexion added a lustre to her fine dark eyes.

A very strange figure now saluted the marquis with great ceremony, although he seemed to be perfectly well known to all the company. He was a short thin man, apparently about sixty: his back was curved, and his head bent forward as if constantly in the act of bowing: his face was long, and his complexion remarkably swarthy; his nose was the most prominent feature he possessed; yet his chin, which almost diminished to a point, seemed to stand as a rival for preeminence, and so far differed from its usual station, that at the extremity it turned upwards as if drawn by attraction to his nostrils: his mouth, however, which

was uncommonly large, when open looked like a vacuum, which at once excluded the idea of their ever meeting each other: his small grey eyes were heavy, languid, and dead; and the simpering smile which was continually pictured on his countenance seemed more like an habitual grin than the effect of either happy sensations or pleasant ideas. His dress was remarkably shabby; it consisted of black velvet much worn; while his cloak was trimmed with a narrow tarnished lace, and in some places was patched with pieces of different shades to the original: his manner of address was particularly formal, and his voice shrill and effeminate; every sentence was accompanied with a motion of respect, while his head and hand were in a continued state of complimentary movements to every person whom his eye happened to meet. "I see you are struck," said Albert to Osmund, whom he drew aside for the remark, "by yonder figure; his name is Don Esau de Cavet; you must know, he is one of the greatest misers in existence, and at the same time a notorious gambler. You are astonished; but such is the fact:

he resides all day in the attic of an old house in the skirts of the city; his daily food is in quality and cleanliness barely fit for one of the human species; and he even stints himself to a quantity which is but just sufficient to support nature. His evenings are dedicated to a gaming-table, where he often loses a thousand pistoles in the course of an hour. "Is it possible," exclaimed Osmund, "that two such opposite extremes of infatuation can be blended in the same mortal?" "True, on the word of a knight," answered Albert; "and, what is still more surprising, he is always one of the principal guests at every *tertulia* or assembly that is given at Madrid." "And from what cause arises this absurdity?" inquired Osmund. "Because *he is fashionable*," replied the other. Osmund smiled. "Nay, it is even so. Don Esau, with all his oddities and all his vices, is positively one of the first men in the *haut ton* of this city: why, it is this very combination of oddities that makes him a welcome visitor at the castles of the nobility." "But how was he first introduced among them?" "Upon my soul I can hardly tell: ever

since I can remember he has been an article as regularly looked for at every fashionable party as the dice-box or card-tables ; and the brilliancy of a grandee's entertainment would suffer a considerable eclipse if Don Esau de Cavet did not grace it with his presence." " For heaven's sake," cried Osmund, " who is that tall gentleman just entering at the further part of the saloon ?" " Another original, by St. James !" answered Albert ; " but you must approach nearer to be further acquainted with him." This was a remarkably tall upright man ; although thin, he was of extreme muscular make ; and paced the apartment in the midst of the company with gigantic strides, without taking the least notice of any one except by a slight inclination of his head. He had an uncommonly long sword, which swang by his side to the disaccommodation of every person who came near him. His features were large and masculine ; his eyes dark, quick, and penetrating ; while in the whole of his countenance there was an uncommon confidence and assurance. A large hat cocked, with a high feather that hung over the front of his

face, added to its natural brazen appearance, and at once rendered him a figure truly striking. "That is Don Cæsar de Grolvo," said Albert: "his general tenor of conduct is to affront all he meets, and to make an apology immediately after. By these means, though one of the rudest men in existence, he is never concerned in duels, nor runs any hazard from assassination; he seldom waits to have satisfaction demanded for an insult, but gives it before you have time to make the request. He is a gentleman of birth and education, and keeps the best company in Spain."

Osmund thanked his young friend for the information he had derived from him in his delineation of the characters he had noticed. "Oh! it is my forte," he answered; "I shall introduce them all in their turns in my romance, not merely under the shapes they at present possess; I am for the sublime and wonderful, consequently shall turn them into magicians, hobgoblins, and four-legged beasts; while I shall transform the women to fairies, spirits, and female harpies." Osmund laughed heartily at the wildness of the

idea. The company departed at a late hour, after which the twins and the tutor took leave of the marquis and his family, and were conducted to their separate apartments.

CHAP. IX.

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

POPE.

ORLANDO's tormenting reflexions on the failure of that general admiration he had from his infancy been taught to expect were in some degree interrupted by others, which arose from the knowledge he had lately acquired of father Theodosius being an inmate of the castle. Waving the idea of the power this man might be supposed to possess by magical preparations, there was a mystery in his conduct fully sufficient to excite the curiosity of an observer so totally unacquainted with mankind as Orlando. His conjecture with respect to the crime of which he believed him to be guilty had certainly no very good foundation, yet, after what he had wit-

nessed, it could not be accounted an unnatural suspicion. The effects of his education were most forcibly expressed in his concealment of the discovery he made upon the actions of the priest at the solitary inn, and he still cherished the same views which occasioned it. Wild and chimerical as such views might be, in Orlando's mind they existed in the most strong and glowing colours. He anticipated the probable chances they held forth to publish his sagacity and superior understanding by detecting the guilt of Theodosius with additional ardour, after the information he received from the conversation of Albert. He determined to act as a spy upon his motions; to use every effort to develop his character; in short, to watch him in all his movements with that attention which would in the end most likely unveil every deception.

During breakfast it was agreed that Albert should conduct his friends to the principal parts of the city, and explain to them every thing worthy of notice. Osmund, before they arose for this purpose, mention-

ed the accidental meeting with father Theodosius (who he understood was the marquis's confessor), and the very strange manner of his behaviour. He was surprised to find the subject was by no means a pleasant topic of conversation to the marquis or his family : a very slight answer was given to his observation, while the embarrassment and agitation of the former were uncommonly striking. Osmund felt uneasy at the idea of having innocently caused them disagreeable sensations, while Orlando watched the effects they produced with a scrutinising eye. Albert conducted the brothers to the various parts of Madrid which were considered as deserving of attention : but, after having seen the ancient and handsome city of Seville, they found but few incitements for their astonishment or admiration ; while Zadok, who had before resided for some time in the capital, was perfectly acquainted with those places that were usually held up to strangers as novelties of general remark. They visited the Plaza Mayor and the Casa-del-Campo ; they admired the elegance and extent of the former ; and were pleased with the fine gardens and pleasant walks of the latter ;

but they could not discover in any of the public buildings a superior degree of architectural elegance to the cathedral, or the royal palace Alcaza in Seville. They likewise viewed the Buen Retiro, and walked upon the Prado: having taken the whole of the morning in the excursion, they returned at a late hour to dinner.

On entering the eating-room, they were suddenly struck with the sight of father Theodosius, whose presence occasioned them various emotions. The marquis introduced them to the confessor, under a confusion, which, although he evidently exerted every effort to suppress, was yet too visible to escape observation. The priest received them with his usual reserve, while Orlando's perturbation was as evident as that of his host. Osmund and Zadok, who had less reason to be any way appalled in his presence, by no means felt themselves comfortable; a forbidding austerity in his manners was blended with a solemnity of deportment peculiar to himself; while the ghastly paleness of his complexion, the expressive ferocity in his features, and the penetrating quickness of his eyes, added to the distaste

he inspired. He conversed but little with any part of the family ; the marquis seldom addressed him, and when he did, it was with great coolness and ceremony : at times he looked towards the ground, as if his whole soul was wrapt in secret thought ; and then suddenly turning to some one near him, he would gaze upon them with an earnestness as remarkable as it was distressing. There was a something in the *tout ensemble* of his manners and person different from the generality of mankind ; he appeared as a being in some degree separated from the class of nature to which he belonged, while an inward enmity to the rest of his fellow creatures seemed the most prominent feature of his character. He left the room soon after he had finished his meal, apparently to the relief of the whole company. The party separated to dress for the evening ; and Osmond had no sooner seated himself in his chamber for that purpose, than Cecil his servant silently placed on his dressing-table a small silver casket of very curious workmanship, and began the duties of his office with more than usual alacrity. His master

inquired with some surprise how he became possessed of so valuable an article, and why he placed it in that situation. Cecil was a rustic youth of about eighteen; he was the son of a cottager who resided on a small estate in a remote part of Andalusia, which Don John purchased soon after his marriage. He had been taken into the service of the former but three months before Osmund commenced his journey, who chose him for his attendant in preference to a more polished one which was offered by his uncle. An uncommon simplicity of manners was the principal characteristic in this lad: his whole life had been dedicated to country labour, and his mind confined within the narrow limits of cultivation, which formed a boundary to the knowledge of his parents. All that they knew had been anxiously conveyed to their son: although the stock might be termed small, yet it was virtuous; while they possessed enough to form a basis for their own happiness, and make them valuable members of society. Cecil was rather uncouth in his appearance and dress; and it may appear strange, that a young man of so gay and fashionable a character as Osmund should se-

lect him for his domestic. On this account it is necessary to mention that he was bound to him by an obligation of some consequence; for, only a few weeks after his arrival at Seville, he defended him from the brutality of some ruffians who set upon him with a design for plunder, in a remote street of the city, and risked his own life to save that of his young masters.

Osmund was compelled to repeat his question with respect to the casket, before he received any answer from Cecil, who, after some deliberation, and the usual ceremony of rubbing his head, thus replied:—"Why, your honour, you see that casket there has been a mortal enemy to me for some days past: your honour must know, I got it by no very lawful means, as I may say, and the devil take me if I could keep it for the soul of me!" His master looked astonished. "Ah! I knew you would be amazed," continued Cecil, "but I understand as how I can get absolution for it from any of the fathers about here." "Could you then," exclaimed Osmund, "commit a theft under the idea of annihilating the crime by

absolution?" "Theft, your honour!" re-echoed the servant with a ghastly look of wonder, "can you suppose me to be a thief? Holy Virgin! that ever I should have lived to be suspected of stealing! I found the casket, your honour—it is true, as I am a Christian—I found it lying in the passage of that frightful-looking inn where we stopped the second night of our journey. Its brightness caught my eye in a dark corner on the morning of our departure: I took it up, and put it into my pocket: but I verily believe it has bewitched me; for I have never had a moment's peace since, nor have slept a single night without dreaming I was going to be hanged." The inward consciousness of a first fault could not perhaps be more fully illustrated than in this instance of Cecil's secret possession of the casket. The feelings he described were the natural effects of a slight deviation from virtue: he would have wished to have persuaded himself he lawfully held the treasure, because it was not publicly claimed; and he attempted to palliate the error of clandestinely taking it from the spot where he first beheld it, with the

fallacious plea that no one was near to oppose his actions. He well knew that the least inquiry in the inn would have led to a discovery of the owner; but he wished not for the information, and consequently avoided the means to obtain it. Cecil, although a rustic, had been taught to shudder at the name of theft: his bosom fluttered with a sudden joy when he first grasped the casket, yet the sensation was neither genuine nor pure; for, while he breathed short with ecstasy, he trembled with a guilty terror. No one saw him remove it, but the palpitation of his heart was a monitor which called to him aloud. It was in vain that he attempted to derive happiness from the possession; it was a thorn that tortured him with misery. Reflexion in his humble mind worked with an equal force, although under images of less refinement to those which are produced by intellects carefully matured to a high state of cultivation. It was the first time he had suffered under a self-accusation of guilt, and his incapacity to sustain it saved him perhaps from destruction. Could he in any way have reconciled the deed to his

conscience so far as to have overcome his scruples in retaining the prize, it is probable he would not have hesitated in taking a second, under circumstances wherein he might have been far more culpable; though in his own eyes the magnitude of the error must have been lost, by the regular progression in which it would have followed the former.

Osmund felt these truths with a quickness peculiar to himself; but he was no moralist in speech. Young, gay, and in full pursuit of pleasure, he had little time to explain his ideas on so serious a subject; but the natural openness of his disposition at once called from him a severe though short rebuke. Poor Cecil felt it with all its force; his heart was full, and he shed tears of contrition. Osmund inquired if he had opened the casket. Cecil declared he had been afraid to attempt it. The former, however, discovered there was a small secret spring at one end, which would at once have frustrated his wishes in that respect. He had seen some of the same kind of workmanship before, and consequently the top

soon yielded to his pressure on one part, and flew open. It contained three pieces of written paper, a small miniature, and a pair of valuable gold bracelets. The miniature was exquisitely painted; it was a portrait of a young woman apparently about eighteen. The beauty and delicacy of the face exceeded all he had ever seen. It was encircled by a frame of diamonds particularly large, and of great value; and on the back were worked in a plain cypher, with small pearls, the two letters L. O. Osmond gazed on it with admiration. The expressive features and languid smile were so finely portrayed, that it almost seemed animated with life; while a melancholy dejection, that pervaded the countenance, at once interested the beholder with more than common force. "What a lovely creature it represents!" he exclaimed. "Gracious heavens! if such effects can be produced by a mere artful combination of colours, what must be the power of those occasioned by a sight of the original!" The bracelets were engraved with the same initials, and were richly ornamented by devices worked in extremely small pearls.

Osmund placed them on one side, to examine more particularly the manuscripts. Two of them contained the following pieces of poetry :

LINES TO THE PRIMROSE*.

Poor simple flower of the vale !

Oft have I mark'd thy languid form,
When trembling in a wint'ry gale,
Or wither'd by a passing storm.

I watch thee on thy humble bed,
And, wrapt in pensive thought, revere
The dew-drop from thy bosom shed,
Pale limpid emblem of a tear :

A tear which many ills impart,
The glist'ning gem of wan-eyed grief,
A tell-tale to the wounded heart,
The woe-press'd bosom's poor relief.

I trace thee on the upland lawn,
View thy trim leaf so neat, so gay,
Expand with life at morning dawn,
And droop in death at close of day.—

Alas, poor rose ! thy orphan state,
Expos'd to ev'ry passing foe,
Shows various scenes of *human fate*,
Tells many tales of *human woe*.

* Published in the European Magazine for November 1800.

Oft have I mourn'd thy faded bloom,
 Which blossom'd in a sun-shine hour ;
 While Fancy whisper'd o'er thy doom
 The poor man's fate, and rich-man's power.
 Many, alas ! so blith, so gay,
 Despise thy simple rustic tale ;
 While I enjoy the plaintive lay,
 And nurse thee in thy native vale.

LINES WRITTEN FOR AN INSCRIPTION IN
 A RETIRED WALK *.

Tread with awe the path around ;
 Tread with awe its hallow'd ground :
 For here, in this sequester'd dell,
 Wist ye who the guests that dwell ?
 SIMPLICITY, whose brows adorn
 The daisies drest by dewy morn ;
 And PITY, with a turtle prest,
 A dying turtle, to her breast.
 And here, beside the babbling stream,
 Young FANCY winds her tangled dream ;
 Or on the steep, with bursting eye,
 Gazes on a waste of sky.
 Nor yet forbid they gentle LOVE
 To lose him in the trackless grove ;
 For oft, I ween, in VIRTUE's train,
 Thee, gentle LOVE, they hear complain.

* By Mr. Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*.
 See Preface.

And sure with every sister grace
The white-rob'd seraph haunts the place ;
If led by her his steps appear,
The stranger's steps are welcome here.

On the third was written a strange and mysterious paragraph, which appeared to be the conclusion of a letter torn from the remainder ; the words of which were as follow :

“ If I teach you to tremble at my name, I would only wish you to experience the sensation in those moments when you disobey me. It is true, my character is calculated to inspire dread, yet I have feelings in common with mankind. I well know that the powers I possess so superior to my fellow-creatures at once sever the ties of connexion which subsist between man and man. I am perfectly conscious that I stand alone in the world, an object of terror and disgust ; yet towards you I feel those workings of nature which painfully remind me I still share the gross particles of mortality. You, Leonora, are my child. I trace in you the perfections of your mother : she rests in peace, and I exist in torture. Seek not to discover

more: your curiosity may be fatal. I am enveloped in a veil of mystery which can never be removed: it is awfully secure. Men look on me with distaste and affright; those who are permitted to view my actions sicken with horror. My general appearance arrests their attention; a knowledge of my attributes makes them curse the day they first beheld me. You will shudder at the portrait I have drawn: so I would have you. There is not that being in existence whom I could wish to look upon me without some degree of dismay. It will be a natural inquiry in your own mind, why I am thus separated from the world, and why I seem at war with every creature in it. Let it suffice to say, such is the state in which I stand. Subdue every wish to know the cause: view me as a single mortal opposed to numbers, who has even prayed that his very breath might become a deadly poison to blast his fellow man.

“THEODOSIUS.”

Osmund involuntarily shuddered at the impious wish which finished this strange

epistle. The name at the bottom in part explained to whom the casket belonged. The female companion of the priest at the solitary inn, who so suddenly left the room at command, instantly occurred to his mind, and he had no doubt but she was the owner of the treasure. The character of this man began now to arrest his attention with some force: his uncommon appearance and strange behaviour on that night; his peculiar agitation on Zadok's recital of a murder; his unaccountable manner on his introduction to them in the castle; and the still more mysterious paper which lay before him, at once combined to raise his curiosity and create his suspicions. In the letter he evidently attempted to impress a belief that he was skilled in magic. Osmund smiled contemptuously at the idea; but it is to be remembered he had not witnessed any of his private actions, similar to those discovered by his brother, and consequently had as yet no just grounds for a contrary opinion. There was every reason to suppose the female whom he addressed was his traveling companion, and perhaps the original of the

beautiful portrait he gazed upon. To *her* and *her only* should the casket be delivered; but he had at present no clue whereby he could procure an interview. He hesitated for some time, whether he should not immediately make Theodosius acquainted with his possession of it; but, on further reflexion, he altered his plan; he considered, if the poor girl laboured under the power of his tyranny, she might wish to regain the lost casket unknown to him; and if his conjectures on that point were erroneous, she would at all events be at liberty to act according to her own wishes. The only point now to fix upon, was to communicate the affair to some one who might be able to give him further information relative to the priest and his daughter. The most proper person for this inquiry was the marquis; but Osmund had no inclination again to mention a subject which seemed to occasion him such poignant distress. Albert appeared too volatile and thoughtless to be entrusted with any subject that required serious consideration; yet he was the only per-

son, excepting his father, who was likely to answer his questions. He therefore resolved at a proper opportunity privately to show him the casket and its contents, and consult with him on the most proper methods to be taken in restoring it to its owner. He likewise determined as soon as possible to make Zadok and his brother acquainted with them, and receive their joint opinions on so strange an occurrence. His resolutions on this business being adjusted, to the great relief of Cecil he promised to undertake the charge of conveying the casket to the person to whom it belonged; and the poor fellow once more breathed free and happy.

Osmond shortly received notice of the whole party being ready to depart for Don Everard de Gosmond's. He therefore hastily threw it into one of the drawers of his dressing-table, and joined them time enough to gain a place in the second carriage next to the lively Isabella D'Olvernardo. Orlando had stood debating some time with his inclinations to take it: his natural hesitation kept him in suspense till the appearance

of his brother, who jumped into the situation with the utmost *sang froid*.

On their arrival at Don Everard's, although it was an early hour, the rooms of public reception were much crowded. They were conducted to an elegant antichamber, in which the old gentleman and his daughter were seated, surrounded by a circle of fashionable friends, whose intimacy gave them a prior claim of attention to the generality of the company, many of whom were merely known to their host by name. The marquis and his party immediately joined them, and were placed close to Don Everard and Cassandra during the time they took their refreshments. The former by his conversation perfectly answered the character given of him by Albert. He blended a description of the costly luxuries which surrounded them with a reprobation on the extravagance of their purchase. "Now you observe those looking-glasses," he exclaimed, "which cover yonder pannels, and run the whole height of the room: to be sure, they are very superb, very superb indeed; the largest sizes we have in Spain:

greatly admired, quite a curiosity, as I may say. But then think of the expense, signiors, each of them cost me a little fortune: my poor dear wife, rest her soul! took a liking to them, and I could not refuse her request to buy them."

The consequence of this speech was a general cry of approbation at the beauty of the mirrors, in which Don Everard joined, chorusing his commendations with complaints of the sums which they cost.

"Your style of living," lisped a courtier of the first rank, "is indeed truly refined and elegant: no man in Spain equals you in that respect."

"Nor no man in Spain pays more dearly for it, my lord," answered Don Everard. "What your lordship observes is very just. I believe I am surrounded by all the luxuries that can be wished for. But it is very well my income is no common one, or, by St. Anthony, I should be soon ruined! Why, it has been often remarked, that in one of my entertainments I expend more money than would support a common family for twelve months. Do not suppose I make

a merit of this. No, no : I set my face against such extravagance ; there is but one excuse for my submitting to it, and that is, I certainly can afford it."

Don Everard continued such kind of observations for some time, equally tiresome for their insipidity and bombast, while the young ones of the company amused themselves with their own conversations and remarks.

In the course of an hour they returned to the body of the company, who seemed under some degree of confusion. Don Esau de Cavet's shrill voice was predominant among the group ; he was collecting a party for the game of Manilia. Don Esau was in his very sphere : he moved along extremely nimble ; the smile on his countenance was uncommonly strong, and the motion of his head remarkably quick.

" Will any noble signior," he exclaimed, " join our table ? I have the honour to preside ; do every thing in my power to make it comfortable."

" To yourself," cried Don Cæsar de Grolvo, who passed him at that moment,

“by filling your own pockets, and emptying those of the fools who engage with you.”

“Now I declare,” answered Don Esau with some degree of resentment, “this is too severe.”

“I hope no offence,” continued Don Cæsar. “I always speak my mind: that is my way.” After this apology he rudely pushed among the company who stood near: the long sword which dangled by his side became entangled between the legs of signior Zadok, while the quick and petulant manner in which he attempted to disengage it nearly upset the weakly form of the tutor. Don Cæsar as usual apologised, and signior Zadok answered with a compliment to long swords, declaring they were the most handsome ornament that could be worn.

The broad and public rebuke of Don Cæsar in no respect damped the eagerness of Don Esau to make up his table. A few were wanted to complete the party. The brothers and Albert were unable to refuse his ardent solicitations to play, and were consequently soon surrounded, and initiated among the infatuated votaries of fortune.

Orlando had practised this game a few times in Seville. He was acquainted with the common rules which composed it, but by no means aware of the finesse and artifice that were levied by the professional members of the system. On the contrary, Osmund and Albert had gained from experience (perhaps rather dearly purchased) the mechanical process of perfect play, and the danger of hazarding against its odds. They soon perceived the chances that opposed them, and immediately quitted the table.

Don Esau hoped they had taken no exceptions, was sorry to lose the pleasure of their good company, and begged that young cavalier (pointing to Orlando) would not follow their example.

Osmund requested to speak with his brother for a few moments. The company appeared dissatisfied. It was whispered, such proceedings were unfair, and it would be lowering the dignity of the table, as well as a slur on the *honour* of the party who composed it, to permit him to resume his place after such an audience.

The brothers walked to another part of the room, and Osmund mentioned his suspicions to Orlando. "Depend on it," said he, "their play is against you. Be not offended at my taking upon me the character of an adviser in this single instance. I have had more practice in the game than you have, and perceive we are mere dupes to the superior knowledge of the party." After this caution he quitted his brother, and joined Albert, who called to him from another part.

Orlando stood for some moments buried in his own reflexions. The leading trait of his character, as was before observed, was a peculiar pride in the power of his own abilities. Whenever his sagacity was called in question upon any subject, (no matter how few opportunities he had of becoming conversant with it,) his spleen was instantly observable; a peculiar obstinacy, originating from an unlimited reliance on his judgments, would urge him to follow a pursuit he had received a caution to avoid, which perhaps, if left without any bias to his opinion, he had totally discarded. That his

brother should have penetration enough to discover what he remained ignorant of, was a severe reproof to his consequence: if he attended to it, the degradation would be still greater. From such reasoning he was led to return to the table.

The company had anxiously watched his motions since he quitted it; and when they saw him moving towards them, it was universally allowed it would in no respect taint their honour to suffer him to lose a few more pistoles.

Albert and Osmund strolled into another room kept purposely for a promenade. The first persons whom they saw were Don Everard and signior Zadok Bellzenipp in close conversation. The latter appeared defending with much earnestness that man who had acquired riches by his own industry, and who afterwards circulated them liberally for the benefit of others. This was a dangerous subject for the signior to take up with a man of Don Everard's disposition. But the old Don was not proof against his powerful talents to make himself agreeable. He defended the character in so masterly a

manner, and intermixed his flattery with such discrimination, that Don Everard in the fulness of his approbation confessed he himself represented such a man, and received accordingly a handsome compliment on the occasion. He declared to the marquis he had never met with so pleasant a little man. The marquis readily acquiesced to the observation, and added that his abilities appeared equal to his pleasantry ; while the marchioness vowed that, although little, and rather deformed, he was exceedingly entertaining.

An old man who appeared near upon seventy now approached them. By the respect he was paid he seemed to be a person of high rank : he made use of an eyeglass which hung to his waistcoat immediately he entered the rooms, and stared at every young woman he met with an effrontery uncommon at his age. Albert instantly motioned Osmund to observe him, while he whispered in his ear the following words :

“ That is the duke de Brevon, one of the heads of the nobility of this country. An uncommon *penchant* for the fair sex is the

leading feature of his character. Although arrived at those years when the passions of youth are supposed to have sunk into a cool Platonic admiration of a woman, he still professes gallantry, and strives to maintain it. Nor are his impotent amours confined to that unfortunate part of the sex whose distress may urge them to gratify his inclinations, although repugnant to the feelings of the most abandoned ; he aims them at innocence, youth, and accomplished beauty : he has been known to throw his withered arms round the form of a lovely girl of eighteen, and attempt to toy with females who were young enough to be his great grand-children. He is squeamish and delicate in his choice ; music is the principal acquirement that gives a zest to the object which he ogles ; while, like an epicure whose appetite is wasted by luxuries, he blights the *petite* dainty which he is unable to enjoy."

" Such a man," answered Osmund, " must be surely disgusting to the multitude, if they are acquainted with his foibles."

“ Oh, they are well known,” replied Albert: “ he takes no pains to conceal them : even the female pedestrian who passes his house is subject to his insults, and he conceives his rank, power, and fortune, to be sufficient barriers to his profligacy. Still he is an object of pity : his punishment is connected with his error : his existence is a burthen to him : his fellow creatures look upon him with abhorrence : in short, he is a public scarecrow, held up as a warning to others from pursuing similar enormities.”

The duke was now attracted to another part by the entrance of a beautiful young girl of musical talents, who had lately entered into the circles of fashion. She was under the guidance of her mother. The duke patronised her ; by which she claimed a card to every assembly that was honoured by his presence. Another figure now accosted Isabella d’Olvernardo in a voice which at first Osmund mistook for that of a woman. He was a young sprig of fashion, called Don Silvius de Rozeverez. His figure was small, and delicately proportioned ; his face fair, smooth, but totally void of ex-

pression ; and his teeth uncommonly white. His dress was chiefly composed of white satin splendidly ornamented with foil ; his hair was particularly nicely dressed, and his linen so sweetly scented with perfume, that he spread the most fragrant odours around him in all directions. An elegant eye-glass set in gold was suspended from his neck by a silk ribbon, and he flourished it with a negligent air peculiar to himself. “ You look charmingly to-night,” he lisped in a tone of affected ease : “ ’Pon my soul that dress is astonishingly becoming, yet there is nothing new in it either.” “ No man has a better taste in the dress of a lady,” replied Isabella, “ than Don Silvius de Rozeverez ; I therefore feel gratified at his approbation.”

“ Why, ’pon my honour, it is universally allowed I am well skilled in that part of a female.”

“ Better than in any other part,” replied Don Cæsar de Grolvo.”

The laugh was general ; and Don Silvius, to observe more accurately the author of it, made use of his glass ; but unfortunately the

former, in turning suddenly round upon his heel, assailed the elbow of the *petit-maitre* with such violence as at once disengaged it from his delicate hand, and threw it with so great a force against the studded hilt of his sword, that it broke into several pieces. Don Cæsar made an apology; hoped no offence; and declared that to speak his mind was his way.

“Oh the brute!” exclaimed Don Silvius. “It is astonishing to me that such wretches are admitted into polished society.”

“Don Silvius,” cried Isabella, stifling a laugh, “your hair is dreadfully deranged, and the lace of your cravat much ruffled.”

“Dreadful information!” he answered. “I know not how I shall adjust them; ’pon my honour I never was in a more torturing situation. By the bloom of beauty, there is that enchanting creature Donna Casandra de Gosmond; I positively must apply to her to regulate my dress.” He accordingly left them for that purpose.—“Is it possible,” said Osmund, “that so frivolous a mortal can either gain the admiration of a female, or escape the contempt of a man?”

“ Oh ! you envious wretch,” answered Isabella, “ now you are mortified at Don Silviu’s gallantry.” “ You must view him,” said Albert to his friend, “ as a tinsel ornamented play-thing for women of fashion : he is more innocent than their lap-dog, less mischievous than their monkey, and gives them some little relief to a fit of *ennui*. He is that passive kind of animal with which they can use every freedom without any danger. In truth, he is almost considered among them as one of their own sex under a different garb—a mere amphibious being of a very doubtful gender.”

The party with which Orlando had engaged made full use of their dexterity on the inexperience of their new companion. He had begun with forty pistoles ; during the first hour of their play he possessed double that sum, but had only fifty at the time he received the caution from his brother. From that period, after a few fluctuations, he was reduced to a single one, and was necessitated to leave the table with a feigned excuse, by being unable to produce another stake.

Chagrined, harassed, and unhappy, he proceeded to a splendid saloon just opened for dancing. The agitation of his mind for the last two hours, added to several copious draughts of wine he had been persuaded to swallow by the party in which he had been engaged, served to flush him with an artificial warmth of spirits he had perhaps never before experienced. The music appeared to enliven him, yet his heart was ill at ease; and he wished to partake in the festivity of the airy throng, although his late losses had made him splenetic, capitious, and unsocial. Isabella d'Olvernardo by chance caught his eye: she was as usual in high spirits, and appeared to him particularly fascinating. He had an inclination to dance; he greatly wished to procure her for a partner. At any other time Orlando would have been unequal to the task of asking for her hand; but under his present situation his confidence had increased with the elevation of his spirits. He approached close to her elbow; bowed—hesitated—and, under a confusion which the suddenness

of his resolution had occasioned, stammered out a long compliment, as a prelude to the request he intended to make. Before Orlando could make known his wish, Osmund, who had been detained by Albert in another apartment, hastily arrived for the exact same purpose that engaged his brother. So far from prefacing his desire with a studied introduction, his words flowed as eagerly as his thoughts, and Isabella as quickly gave him her hand. Whether her immediate decision proceeded from a direct preference to Osmund, or whether she was actually too inattentive to the elocution of Orlando to be aware that he stood a candidate for the same boon, is uncertain: at all events, however, she arose at the conclusion of his speech, and laughingly pleaded her excuse in the prior application of his brother.

Orlando stood fixed to the spot in a stupor of disappointment: his pride urged him to dispute his right with Osmund, but he was too much abashed to make the public declarations it would require. He in some measure recovered from his embarrassment,

and walked towards the lovely Cassandra, who had not yet risen to dance. He made another attempt for a partner in a second edition of the preamble delivered to Isabella, but Albert had engaged her a few minutes before. He had no sooner received the denial than the marquis d'Olvernardo, who had heard his last request, led him to the marchioness, and declared she would be happy to dance with him. Orlando blushed, bowed, and strived to express his thanks for the honour conferred upon him; while, almost stifled with vexation, he silently and sheepishly led her to the company.

The flirting vulgarity of the marchioness, and the awkward, stiff, and confused air of Orlando, added to the great disproportion of their years, at once called upon them the eyes of the whole assembly. The general ridicule they excited was visible in every countenance; which increased the affectations of the lady, and added to the torturing situation of her partner.

At length, unable to support his own feel-

ings, Orlando suddenly complained of indisposition, and retired to an inner apartment; where he sullenly waited the announcement of the marquis's carriage for their return to the castle.

CHAP. X.

Live you, or are you aught
That man may question?

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And see which grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you, by that which you profess,
To answer me.——

SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*.

ORLANDO had never suffered under such a series of mortifications as he had endured during the whole of the last evening. His reflexions in the morning were poignantly distressing: the loss of his forty pistoles was trivial, when compared to the conviction of his own incapacity. His unsuccessful attempts to procure either Cassandra or Isabella for his partner in the dance were sufficiently unpleasant but the public ridicule which followed his accepting the hand of the affected marchioness, was still more degrading to his pride. The sentiments, opinions, and inclinations which might be

said to compose the outline of his character, had hitherto been fluctuating and unsettled. It has been before observed that Orlando's virtues proceeded more from a practical etiquette of doing right, than from the actual essence of a benevolent heart. The basis therefore which supported them was by no means firm or substantial, neither calculated to stand the shock of temptation, nor even to bear against the common depravity too often discovered in human nature. He was drawing fast toward that epoch which was to determine and mould for ever the unfinished model he represented. The crisis was awful. In a mind similar to that of Orlando's, virtue or vice generally predominates in the extreme; a mediocrity is seldom preserved. His understanding was cultivated, but it was in a state of fertility produced by an artificial warmth, like a hot bed, which has power to produce the obnoxious weed to an equal strength and maturity with the most delicate plant. Suddenly thrown on a world which ridiculed and despised his very trivial knowledge of it, he balanced for a time in

the midst of his discomfits. But such a central state of equilibrium was not long to be expected: the impressions he daily received diffused their effects in different directions: the consequences, however slow, were definite and certain. Misanthropic ideas were perhaps the most dangerous stimulations to one of Orlando's disposition: when he once became sulky with the world, and opposed it under a regular defiance, there was every reason to dread his degenerating under that brutish insensibility, which renders a man vicious without any incitement but a general hatred to his fellow-creatures. His feelings were acute, painfully acute, when his pride received a shock from the superiority of another, or from an inward consciousness of inability. To soar above the generality of his own species was a notion which had been ingrafted in his mind at so early an age, that the struggle to overcome the delusion was beyond his strength or power to maintain. During the time of his education he had been assiduously taught to suppose that the reclused life he led would

be rewarded by an enviable preeminence in society fully adequate to the task imposed. His ears were constantly assailed by hints of his own merits, of the great difference between him and other lads of the same age: their errors were held up as foils to his rectitude; their juvenile indiscretions were magnified, to add a lustre to his virtues. Other young men were dissipated, gamed, and even intrigued; but Orlando was a moralist, a philosopher, and a puritan. He neither threw dice, nor kept company with gay women; he was modest, sober, and grave in his deportment, nor would have been guilty of a *faux pas* to gain the world. Before however these qualities should receive the encomiums they may appear to deserve, it will be necessary to consider what were his temptations to a contrary mode of conduct. None. He was a recluse, a child of nature, and a pupil of retirement; his passions were stifled, his spirits curbed and oppressed: no external objects tended to delude him towards false pleasures: neither the blush of beauty nor the ties of youthful friendship were permitted to exert

their influence to allure him from his hermitised life ; no lascivious scenes even in theory were suffered to agitate his bosom ; while the daily lectures of his uncle reminded him of his own importance, and increased his vanity. The prospect was now suddenly changed : he found himself in a gay luxurious city, surrounded by every incitement to raise his desires from the inert state in which they had hitherto remained, and possessed of sufficient affluence to gratify them. So far from striking the multitude with admiration, he stood the object of their ridicule : instead of procuring their respect, he received their derision. Under such circumstances we must conceive the feelings of one so tremblingly alive to every idea of his own incapacity as Orlando : we are to watch him labouring to overcome that peculiar diffidence, the result of his recluse education ; we are to mark the failure of his attempts, and observe the effects which followed. Vain were the anticipations of Don Diego de Mellas, when he proudly pictured to himself the perfect model he should present to

the world. How erroneous were the reflexions which urged him to suppose that, by cramping the natural vigor and spirits of the boy, by a close, sedentary, and unsocial confinement, he should either soften his heart, or frame his mind on such virtuous principles as would withstand the test of every temptation.

Osmund in vain attempted to procure a private interview with his brother the following day. He wished to make him his first confidant with respect to the casket; but Orlando, conceiving he merely wanted an opportunity to remind him of his losses on the last evening, avoided every effort which his brother made to remain with him alone.

A party to the theatre, consisting of Albert, the twins, and signior Zadok, was fixed for the evening. The marquis had some urgent business to detain him at home, and the marchioness and her daughter entertained a select female party in their dressing-room, her ladyship being rather indisposed. During the performance, the duke de Brevon entered their box, accompanied by the young girl and her mother whom

they had noticed the night before. He saluted them with great cordiality, and introduced his female companions. The elderly lady soon gave plentiful information of her origin by the voluble vulgarity of her discourse ; while her daughter, whose beauty was far above mediocrity, appeared to have received a modern education, and to have lost every trait of that feminine softness and modesty which but a few months before she possessed in the most ample degree. Her mother was the widow of a tradesman, whose embarrassed circumstances at the time of his death left her entirely destitute of fortune ; and having neither resolution to withstand penury, nor inclination to obviate it by her own industry, she accepted the offer of the noble duke to *patronise* her daughter, whose musical talents had greatly charmed him. Before the conclusion of the play, Don Esau de Cavet and Don Cæsar de Grolvo entered the theatre. The latter took the seat next signior Zadok. He, as usual, found fault with every thing he saw ; his remarks were abrupt, and delivered without any ceremony. The tutor used every exertion to put him in a good humour : he agreed

to the justness of all his observations; he formed arguments in favour of them, which Don Cæsar had never thought of, and paid him many compliments, which appeared totally unconnected, with gross flattery. Don Cæsar for some time withstood the attack, but at length the natural crabbed spleen of his disposition gave way to the successful system of signior Zadok: after turning suddenly round and looking stedfastly at him for some time, he thus addressed him:—"Signior Zadok, I like you." Signior Zadok bowed. "By the cross it is true! I never compliment; that's not my way." Signior Zadok declared it was the best way, and he should be ever highly gratified by his approbation. "Will you sup with me?" continued the free-spoken man: "by our lady you shall have as good an aumlet as my cook can prepare for you; aye, and a bottle of my best burgundy. You are cursedly warped in your profile to be sure—hope no offence?—but I admire your opinions, for a very good reason, because they accord with my own; that's my way." Zadok returned him many thanks for his polite invitation, while he declared it must de-

pend upon circumstances ; for if his young charge, in whose company he was, returned immediately after the play to the castle of Olvernardo, he should of course attend them ; but if they entered into any other engagements for the evening (which was not unlikely) he should then be extremely happy to spend an hour with Don Cæsar. “Be it so,” exclaimed Don Cæsar as he rose to leave the box. “I shall look in again at the conclusion of the piece, and then, if you can go with me to my lodgings, you shall have a good supper ; and if you do not, why you may search for one elsewhere, and perhaps fare worse :—hope no offence ? always speak what I think ; that’s my way.”

The old duke, who was wholly occupied in amorous conversation with his dulcinea, blinded with infatuation, was unable to perceive the peculiar advances which she made to Osmund, who sat next to her on the other side ; while Albert on the second seat was entertaining himself with a young damsel who had formerly enlisted under his grace’s banners, and who now received an allowance from him, to become tutoress to his

new *protégé*. Orlando was placed in one corner, solitary and alone: he sometimes exerted himself so far as to speak to each of the party by a slight remark; worded with all the pomposity of pedantic accuracy. The answers he received were mere negatives or affirmatives; they evinced, if not a contempt, at least a pointed dislike, to the person who required them. The young girl with whom Albert was engaged possessed a considerable share of personal charms; he attempted to take part in their conversation; but Donna Susanna (the name of the female), whose delicacy of manners was by no means predominant, made no effort to conceal the risibility of her countenance, which his studied manner occasioned. Restless and uncomfortable, he was just going to leave the box, when Don Esau de Cavet entered it. Don Esau took his hand, and addressed him with a warmth to which Orlando had been totally unused since he left the mansion of his uncle Don Diego. Without any consideration from what motives such a salutation might arise, his bosom throbbed with a sensation of gratitude, perhaps the most

genuine he had ever experienced. While he pressed the offered hand of Don Esau it was with difficulty he could command his tears. He appeared an outcast from his party, yet *he* sought his conversation, and gave him that countenance he so much needed at the present period. Don Esau apparently listened to his observations with pleasure, he agreed to them, applauded them, and Don Esau immediately became the *friend* of Orlando de Mellas. At the conclusion of the play the duke engaged Osmund and Albert to sup with him; he likewise repeated the invitation to Orlando and signior Zadok; but the former had engaged to go with Don Esau to a house near the theatre, to play a *single moderate* game at pass-dice; and the latter had promised his company to Don Cæsar de Grolvo, who entering according to agreement, and asking him abruptly if he intended to accept his invitation or leave it alone, being answered in the affirmative, he suddenly seized him by the arm, and left the remainder of the company without speaking another word.

Osmund, the Duke de Brevon, his *pro-*

tégé and her mother, accompanied by Donna Susanna and Albert, soon followed, while Orlando and Don Esau proceeded to the place where they had already agreed to spend the remainder of the night. The former proposed taking some refreshment in the lower apartments (which were opened for that purpose), but Don Esau never eat of an evening; his health would not permit it; his digestion was so extremely bad, that a restless night was always the effects produced by gratifying himself with a supper. Orlando was astonished; for at Don Everard de Gosmond's he swallowed the delicacies that were prepared with a voraciousness that signified he had fasted for many hours. Don Esau would however by no means prevent him from taking some; he would wait with him for that purpose. Orlando ordered some oysters and fruit. He no sooner eat one of the fish, than Don Esau, pulling out a small pocket knife, declared it was a pity to lose any thing, and began to scrape the shell, to which some small particles of the oyster remained. Orlando's surprise increased when he saw him produce

a large piece of stale bread, which he eat with considerable *goutt*. It was in vain he pressed him to take a whole oyster; Don Esau was afraid, positively afraid to eat; he could only pick a bit now and then. Don Esau, however, not only picked the remains of the oysters, but actually devoured the rind of the fruit, declaring he never could eat fruit, but only amused himself with the parings. Orlando, whatever descriptions he had heard of his penury, was hardly able to take his own supper, in gazing upon his friend, whose behaviour appeared to create little astonishment among the many persons who passed them: the reason was obvious, he was perfectly known to them all.

After a little time, they were conducted up a handsome staircase, and entered a large apartment elegantly fitted up, and superbly decorated with wax-lights in glass chandeliers, where several persons were engaged at different games. Orlando soon recognised at some of the tables several of his companions at manilia the evening before at Don Everard de Gosmond's: they addressed him with uncommon civility, and professed a pleasure

at the acquisition of his company, highly gratifying to his pride. At length he and Don Esau closed with a select party at the further end of the room. Don Esau's ears were no sooner saluted by the rattling of the dice-box than he seemed to acquire renewed spirits and vigour; his eyes, which in general appeared dim and heavy, suddenly became sharp and penetrating; he moved with an activity uncommon at his age, and watched the minutiae of the game with an exactness peculiar to himself. Orlando, however he was engaged on the events of his own success, could not avoid becoming in some degree an anxious spectator in the scene that surrounded him. It claimed his attention with that force which novelty ever effects upon a young mind. The general agitation of the whole company at every part of the room, and the various sources from whence it arose, at once formed a group highly interesting to a new observer. The pause of silent expectation at one table was interrupted by a combination of cries expressive of happiness and sorrow at another; the exclamation of

sudden joy, clashed with the blasphemous epithet of sudden misery and the cry of ecstasy, was chorussed by the convulsive scream of anguish. The dice-box appeared as a touch-stone to the minds of the men who gazed upon it; no sooner were the fatal throws cast, than a short interval of awful stillness prevailed, and instantly all became influenced by different passions: some danced with a wild intoxicating joy; others beat their head under an agony the most acute and dreadful: some saw themselves reduced to beggary; others rose on their ruin to affluence and plenty: one uttered the names of his wife and children with a voice hardly articulate with horror; another grasped the purse which was to have procured that wife and children their daily food. It was to a man under the situation of the former that Orlando turned in one of the intervals that he was at leisure; he heard him groan out the epithets of those dear relatives in a paroxysm of grief, while a cold perspiration dropped from his pale and withered face. He seemed about fifty years of age; his person was wasted by an

irregular life ; his eyes were sunk and dead, yet his features were manly and expressive. He was well known in the room by having been a constant attendant for many months. He had had a series of ill fortune for some nights past, but he had this evening lost one hundred pistoles, and was not possessed of another ducat in the world. He had formerly been a tradesman of some consequence in Madrid ; but the extensive business he inherited at the death of his father had dwindled through his neglect to a very scanty subsistence for his wife and daughter, a lovely young girl of about seventeen. Orlando at this moment exhibited a proof of his heart being open to sentiments of generosity : he voluntarily offered this unfortunate votary of fortune a loan of twenty pistoles, who received it with an extravagance of joy which drove him almost to phrensy. Instead, however, of reserving it for those objects of his love upon whom he had called in his late agony, he was tempted by his companions again to risk it upon the table, and he once more entered upon the business of the game with an infatuation bordering on madness.

Orlando, either by good fortune, or by the designs of his colleagues, was amply recompensed for his losses of the night before ; in almost every throw he was successful, and soon found himself possessed of double the sum he had been deprived of at Don Everard's.

In less than an hour after his voluntary loan to the unfortunate tradesman, a young man of very genteel appearance requested of him a similar favour; he seemed under the greatest distress; beat his head and forehead with the most frantic gestures, and declared he had not another stake. Orlando considered him by his mien, and dress as a total novice in the scene that surrounded him, and without further hesitation presented him with the sum he required. He observed his companions look upon this last act of generosity with peculiar astonishment, particularly Don Esau de Cavet, who had lost considerably, but whose payments were made with an honour and dignity totally inconsistent with the general traits of his character. Is it possible, thought Orlando, that a man who stints himself not only of the com-

forts, but of the necessities of life, whose penury will barely allow him to exist, can thus risk hundreds with the unconcern of a prodigal, and lose them with the fortitude of a philosopher?

The company did not begin to depart before day-light. Orlando and his party were the last that left the room; he found himself a winner, exclusive of the money he had lent, of one hundred and forty pistoles.

Don Esau took the way which led to the castle of Olvernardo; Orlando consequently accompanied him. The former informed him that he had certainly been duped in his last loan of the twenty pistoles.

"I am sorry to inform you," said he, "that you may term them a gift, for there is no probability of your ever seeing them again."

"Surely," answered Orlando, "he cannot be so unprincipled as to borrow without having even an idea of repaying?"

"Excuse my freedom, signior," said Don Esau; "but you are a young man, and I rather think a novice to the finesse which in general predominates in our parties."

Orlando coloured with indignation: even Don Esau de Cavet, whom he supposed had some just notions of his merits, accused him of ignorance in a game in which he had vainly considered himself an adept.

Don Esau continued:—"I give you this advice as a friend; you must be extremely cautious for the future how you suffer your generosity to overcome your prudence. The man whom you supposed an inexperienced visitor is a gambler by profession; his very name is notorious for unfair play; and he sometimes assumes various appearances to deceive new visitors; for there are few who are acquainted with his character will engage with him. He had neither been a loser, nor was in want of the money; but knowing you to be a stranger, and apparently little versed in the amusement with which you was engaged, after witnessing your behaviour to signior Barnarvo the jeweller, his application on the same subject was merely intended to ridicule you by the deceit, while the whole of the assembly gazed with astonishment to find you so void of penetration."

Orlando could with difficulty conceal his vexation: his companion observed it, and immediately changed the subject of the conversation. "I understood," said the former, "you lodged at the other part of the city." "So I do," answered Don Esau. "By no means then," exclaimed Orlando, "let me take you out of your way." "You do not in the least," said the other: "I am now going to the market-place." "The market-place!" cried Orlando, with surprise: "Were it not too impertinent a question, I should be tempted to inquire what could be your business there at so strange an hour?"

"The best hour in the day to sell olives," answered Don Esau.

"To sell olives!"

"Aye to be sure! I have several jars coming from my warehouse at the other end of the town: very scarce just at this time; hope to turn an honest penny by them."

"Are you then a dealer in olives?" asked Orlando.

"I am a dealer in any thing," replied Don Esau, "where there is a prospect of a little profit. Very hard times, young gentle-

man: men like me, of scanty incomes, are obliged to scrape as well as we can. Oh!" he exclaimed, "yonder I perceive my caravans; I do not wish to hurry you, but I must mend my pace: the loitering rogue is behind his time."

"Good heavens!" said Orlando, "you surely are not going to market with the olives yourself?"

"Indeed but I am," said Don Esau; "never trust to servants; it is the worst thing in the world: always sell my own goods."

"But you have had neither food nor sleep for these many hours."

"O, I can easily manage that: got some crusts of bread locked up snug in the closet of my stall, and can easily take a nap there after I have sold my olives."

"You have a stall of your own then?" said Orlando, with increased astonishment.

"Certainly," said Don Esau; "but pay very dear for it; costs me a pistole every quarter. Would sell in my caravan, but they wont suffer it to come into the middle of the market-place, therefore should lose some good chances."

Don Esau by this time breathed short through the quickness of his pace to overtake his goods, to which they no sooner arrived, than he cried in a voice of extreme anger, "Here is a pretty piece of extravagance for you—two lazy rascals, when one might serve! You prodigal vagabond," he continued, turning to the first driver, "how dare you bring another man when one is perfectly sufficient to mind the caravans?"

"I could not have taken the charge of both," said the carrier.

"Why not?" answered his master; "you well knew I should overtake you before you came into the public streets which lead to the market, and then I could have assisted you myself."

"But I hope as how you intend to pay me for what I have done?" said the second man.

"Not a marevedi," replied Don Esau; "where do you think I can find money to pay you for such unprofitable labour? Apply to that lazy picaro who employed you; he is far better able to afford it than I am."

Having concluded the last sentence, and politely wished Orlando a good morning,

hoping he should have the pleasure of his company for a few hours the next night, he followed his caravans towards the market-place, while the discarded driver cursed his old tinsel jacket with the most opprobrious epithets he could select from his vocabulary.

The figure of Don Esau appeared indeed most strikingly *outré*: his slender body, wrapped in a full dress of old black velvet, covered with tarnished lace, was an object as novel to a stranger as it was ridiculous. But the opposite traits of his character were far more so: that the same man, who but a short time before was engaged in the midst of a dissipated assembly, venturing hundreds with the most unbounded prodigality, should, after quitting those scenes without any refreshment either from sleep or food, attend his own goods into a public market-place, and barter them with the exertions of a higgler, was a strange instance of contrast in the pursuits of an individual. Nor could the different effects produced by one passion be more strongly delineated in human nature, than when Don Esau de Cavet was in one hour disco-

vered at a gambling-house, staking five hundred pistoles on the chance of a single throw from the dice-box, and in the next observed masticating the moulded crust of a roll, which had perhaps been thrown aside by some shivering beggar of the city. Avarice formed the source of each extreme; the same sensations urged him to the two opposite modes of conduct: it was the *love of gold* which prompted him to satisfy the cravings of nature with food as repugnant to his taste as it was uncleanly and unhealthy. It was likewise a *love of gold* that tempted him to hazard with a profuse hand considerable sums, under the hope of procuring double their value by the risk. It is but just, however, to observe, that Don Esau never was discovered to take an ungenerous advantage either by unfair play, or any other mean subterfuge, although often surrounded by villains, who practised every deception on the unwary, and to whose knavery he was necessitated to be blind.

Orlando slowly proceeded towards the castle of Olvernardo wrapped in reflexions on the proceedings he had witnessed in the

last few hours: he inquired of the porter who opened the gates if his brother was returned, and understood both he and Albert had retired to rest almost an hour before. Rather ashamed at the idea of being the last home, he hurried to his chamber, where he had no sooner closed the door than he emptied his pockets on his dressing-table, and viewed with astonishment and pleasure the fruits of his good fortune.

To affirm that avarice had no concern in the source of these sensations would be an assertion contrary to reason; but it is certain the most powerful stimulation to the satisfaction he experienced was the supposition that his gains were procured by his knowledge being superior to that of his adversaries.

A mere child in every scene of life which deviated from moral rectitude and virtue, the suspicion that he was actually permitted to win under political motives never entered his mind; and while his pride was galled with the idea of having been publicly duped by the pretended novice, he soothed himself with the consolatory consideration, that his profits of the night must have con-

firmed his abilities to the company. He only regretted that his brother and Albert had not been spectators of his triumph: they had had the presumption to doubt his judgment, and he wished for no higher gratification than to convince them of their error. All the former disagreeables he had experienced since his departure from his uncle's castle in Andalusia vanished before the recollection of his present success: flushed with the fallacious joy, it at once raised in his bosom the foundation of a partiality for gaming; it was the first amusement from which he had derived pleasure since his entrance into life, and its impressions were unfortunately as fascinating as they were durable.

Osmund and Albert spent a dissipated night at the duke de Brevon's; a plentiful supply of wine elevated their spirits: the old noble, although naturally abstemious in his living, was not proof against the convivial powers of his young companions; the sleepy god overcame every effort to oppose him; and the duke, after a severe struggle, was removed senseless to his

bed. The elderly lady had withdrawn soon after supper; while the young visitors revelled in pleasures they had anticipated from the beginning of the evening. The family of Olvernardo assembled at a late hour to breakfast; even signior Zadok had remained with Don Cæsar far beyond his usual time of retiring to rest, and was not the most early riser of the party in the morning.

The marquis had left the castle on urgent public business: the marchioness was too much indisposed to leave her chamber before dinner; while Isabella, as she made breakfast, discovered, by the countenance of her brother and Osmund, the effects of their midnight orgies.

Orlando, though pale and apparently fatigued for want of rest, was animated by a degree of spirits rather foreign to his nature; he exerted himself under a studied system of gaiety; he talked more than usual; but he was too precise, too minute, and in short too pedantic in his conversation; nothing appeared to come from his heart; every idea, every observation, was clothed with so pompous a diction of words, that the in-

trinsic value of a simple heartfelt thought was lost under the gaudy covering in which it was presented.

In the course of the morning, Albert, who wished to make some remarks to Osmund on their visit of the preceding evening, accompanied him to his chamber for that purpose : the latter conceived this was an opportunity not to be neglected to gain from him some information respecting father Theodosius. He briefly acquainted him with their first meeting him at the solitary inn in their journey towards Madrid, and with the circumstances by which he became possessed of the casket : he opened it, and showed him the contents. Albert gazed on the miniature under some degree of agitation.

He listened to Osmund's narrative of the priest with peculiar attention ; the natural gaiety of his disposition seemed lost under the emotions of distress which it appeared to occasion him. " I will confess to you," said he, " this is a subject which gives me the most unpleasant sensations." Osmund apologised. " Nay," continued Albert,

“ I can have no charge against you for the shock which my feelings have sustained at this moment : your curiosity is natural ; it arises from more noble motives than merely its own gratification ; and as far as my knowledge extends I will give you every information concerning those strange and mysterious events which envelopes the history of my father. I have but one promise to obtain from you on this important point, which is, an assurance that you will bury in your own bosom the possession of the casket, as well as the means by which you procured it ; and that the few incidents I shall communicate may also be cautiously concealed.”

Osmund hesitated for a few moments ; he had determined to make his brother and Zadok acquainted with the contents of the casket ; but as the happiness, perhaps the honour of a family were concerned in his secrecy, he conceived there was no impropriety in giving his word to maintain it.

“ The circumstances I am going to relate,” said Albert, “ have been collected at different periods ; the veil of mystery which clouded the morning of my father’s

life has never been unfolded, even to his children. The principal parts of the information I have received has been from my mother: these have been conveyed to me at various times; but in a manner so confused and obscure, that makes me greatly suspect even she had not a regular knowledge of their foundation. To be brief then, you are already acquainted that the marquis d'Olvernardo is a native of Madrid: every exertion was used in the progress of his education to introduce him as an ornament in that elevated sphere of life he appeared by birth and fortune destined to enjoy. The expectations of his surviving parent were in part answered; he lived to see him the most favourite confidant of his sovereign. A splendid alliance appeared the only event necessary to establish him as one of the first nobles of Spain. A grandee of very considerable rank and great wealth, soon after his return from his travels, offered his daughter, a young woman equally beautiful and accomplished; when to the astonishment of all Madrid, and to the severe disappointment of his friends, he refused the

enviable gift. He resisted all importunities to alter his determination, nor would he assign any reasons for adhering to it. A short time elapsed : his father, deceived by the insinuations of a noted contractor for government stores, was persuaded, under avaricious views of gaining peculiar emoluments, to lend a very large sum of money on some speculative plans which were laid before him : the plans failed, and the author of them fled from Spain. Enraged at the idea of being publicly duped by such artifices, he expended nearly as much as he had lost in his exertions to recover some part of his property, and bring to justice the villain who had deceived him. These circumstances so far reduced his income, that he was necessitated entirely to change his mode of living, and suddenly retire to an old family mansion some distance from the capital. His son, who had now entirely to depend on the smiles of the king, soon discovered that he received from them far more empty honours than pecuniary profit : his enemies increased with his preferments, and they took effectual methods to

counteract every solid advantage he might derive from what was generally termed his good fortune. Unable to support those luxuries of living which it was necessary to maintain in so elevated a state, he followed the example of his father, and joined him in the habitation to which he had retired. Their lives, though recluse, were social; the old marquis received an alleviation to his misfortunes by the soothing attention of his son, while the son in some degree forgot the late splendid scenes which had surrounded him, in his filial care and affection towards his father. Their castle they still retained : it had been the principal residence of their family for many years; while my grandfather, although he abandoned it as a dwelling on account of its joining the city, determined that no pecuniary motives should urge him to part with it. The eastern parts at the time of his prosperity were inhabited; but on his quitting it they were carefully closed up, and the adjoining chambers and apartments (which are now in use, and which were then merely the rooms of the domestics) left totally open to decay. The

fortune of my grandfather was again diminished by an unforeseen accident. He vested the wreck of his income, on his quitting Madrid, in the hands of a banker, whose reputation was most firmly established throughout Spain: about three months before he intended to draw it again into his own hands, this man became insolvent, and he saw himself and son nearly reduced to beggary. Under these circumstances, aided by the solicitations of his father, Reginald d'Olv Bernardo was at length persuaded to marry my mother, who had loved him in his prosperity, and whose affections were not lost by his adversity. Her uncle however, under whose guardianship she was placed, most strenuously opposed their union: he could not boast of family dignities, nor did he wish to purchase them by uniting his niece with a man whose income was not even competent to support her with the common comforts of life. Their nuptials were privately celebrated unknown to him, and on receiving the information he most solemnly swore he would abandon her for ever. By the will of her father she was entitled to

very considerable estates on her becoming of age, provided she contracted in no marriage against the consent of her uncle: if however she forfeited the immediate possession of her money by such an act, he was unable to deprive her of it at his death. Under these circumstances the penurious manner of their living was in no respect altered after this union; their hardships were chiefly confined within their own bosoms; their pride would not permit them to solicit relief from those who had professed friendship in the days of their affluence. It was about twelve months after they commenced their retirement that strange reports were circulated with respect to some uncommon appearances which had been witnessed in the eastern parts of the castle of Olvernardo. My grandfather, who was extremely ill at that time, and confined on a bed of sickness, paid little attention to the tales which were conveyed to him; and his son, wholly taken up in watching his disorder, took even less notice of them. The alarm however at length became general; the terrific accounts daily increased:

it was said, sudden gleams of light had been seen to issue from many of the casements ; that figures of various descriptions had passed them, and that noises equally new and dreadful had been heard. At this critical period my grandfather breathed his last : his son, overwhelmed with grief for his loss, and distressed with the continued relations which he received from all quarters respecting his parental estate, was scarcely able to attend his remains to the grave. A few hours after the funeral it was discovered he had left his cottage, and the two following days brought no news of him. His remarkable disappearance was instantly made known ; the rumour spread through Madrid, and in the course of a few days reached the ears of the king. Touched with compassion for one who had formerly been so near his person, and for whom he had a sincere regard, he immediately ordered that a search should be made through Madrid for the young marquis d'Olivernardo. His commands were put in execution, but without effect : a week elapsed ; no intelligence was gained of him,

and my mother was nearly distracted ; when it was conceived he might perhaps, in a paroxysm of grief, have retired on the evening of his father's burial to his castle, and perished there, either by his own hand or through violent emotions of sorrow. The eastern part was instantly searched, and to the astonishment of the whole city the marquis was discovered in one of the inner apartments. He lay extended on a couch, apparently weak and languid through indisposition. To have found him a corpse in one of the chambers would not have been an object of surprise ; but to discover him alive, and seemingly in no want of sustenance, was an event the most wonderful. He appeared perfectly sensible and composed. To the first question put to him relative to the time he had been in the castle, he immediately answered, ' since the night he had quitted his cottage.' To the second, however, which inquired how he had supported himself during that time, he declared he would give none, nor to any others which might be hereafter put to him. He was removed to his habitation, and

every possible care taken of his health. He however recovered but slowly ; his mind appeared oppressed by some secret cause ; he seemed to languish under a mental agony totally distinct from his sorrow for the loss of his father. In a few months he was able to leave his cottage, and was conducted to the king, who received him with a warmth which fully expressed his attachment. The malicious insinuations of my father's enemies were entirely frustrated by this interview ; he was immediately appointed to a lucrative employment at court, the emoluments of which, added to the very large fortune of his wife, which he soon after received by the death of her uncle, at once suddenly raised them to a state of opulence equal to most of the nobility in Spain. The castle of Olvernardo underwent a thorough repair. My father would by no means have removed to it ; but it was the wish of his friends, and of the king in particular, that he should be re-instated in his hereditary mansion, surrounded by equal grandeur to that which had distinguished it when the residence of his forefathers.

He however took particular care that every apartment belonging to the eastern part should be carefully closed up, nor could any persuasions draw from him his meaning for such conduct. Although suddenly elevated from a state of pecuniary distress to every comfort and luxury of life, the marquis remained gloomy, thoughtful, and unhappy. My mother in vain used every effort to gain a knowledge of the cause of his melancholy. That he had imbibed this dreadful malady since his remarkable and sudden flight from his cottage after the funeral of his father was most certain, but the origin of it was a mystery he carefully concealed within his bosom. He had been settled in the castle but a few months, when a stranger appeared in Madrid, which at once gave rise to a wonderment equal to the stories of the east tower of Olvernardo, or the strange discovery of my father within its walls. Early one morning, in the chapel belonging to the monastery of St. Mark, as the holy brotherhood were assembled at their matins, through the gloom of the interior part of the altar, which was supported

under a portico of heavy columns, there was discovered, by the faint rays that gleamed from a few lighted tapers, a living figure prostrate, and approached in pious devotion before the elevated crucifix. The superior instantly approached near to observe the form which had arrested the attention of the fathers, when to his unspeakable surprise, a priest, clad in every respect similar to their order, with a countenance which at once struck him with awe, (although totally unknown,) gracefully raised himself on his feet, and walked with a slow and solemn pace down the marble steps which led to the body of the chapel. The brothers, who were ranged on each side, beheld the seeming spectre pass them with terror and affright: all felt appalled by his presence, yet no one knew him. In his actions and movements, in the costume of his dress and manners, they recognised one of their own order, yet none had ever seen or heard of him before. A phænomenon so uncommon could in no respect be accounted for. The gates of the monastery had been shut at the usual hour the evening before, and had not

been opened since that time: those of the chapel were likewise closed at the conclusion of their last worship: no one could have entered till the commencement of the matins. The unknown priest suddenly halted in the midst of the monks, and waved his hand in a manner which denoted he wished to address them. An awful silence of dreadful expectation immediately prevailed. His manner was solemn, dignified, and energetic, but the substance of his harangue has never been related by the holy community. Various conjectures have been put upon the motives which urged them to admit so strange a personage into their society; but, be that as it may, he was instantly initiated into the order of St. Mark. An event of this kind soon occasioned considerable noise in the city. Crowds of people from all parts attended at the monastery to gain a sight of the stranger, yet none of them recollected his features. The fathers of St. Mark were murmured at for admitting him into the holy office, when every circumstance seemed to intimate he was an infernal spirit. The body of the

community defended themselves by the plea, that although they could not pretend to assert that he was of a similar class of nature to mankind in general, yet they had sufficient proofs to convince them his inspirations were godly, and that he had power to repel Satan. During this conflict of public opinion, father Theodosius,"—Osmund started—"for it is even he whom I am speaking of, conducted himself in a manner the most firm and resolute: he in no respect concealed himself from the populace, nor did he cringe for their support: he appeared neither to covet their good-will, nor to fear their dislike. The strange reports which arose from this singular affair by no means subsided after a short interval from their circulation: totally different from the generality of those subjects, they increased rather than diminished, while every day brought new rumours equally vague and astonishing. Another event tended to alarm the minds of the people. This supernatural monk, who was a stranger in Madrid, whose appearance was as sudden as it was remarkable, and whose actions spread

a universal belief of his connexion with the arch enemy of mankind, one night, one dreadful night, shortly after his entrance at the monastery, visited our castle, and demanded an interview with my father. The terror and dismay with which the marquis received notice of this visitor perfectly evinced his feelings on the occasion. He had before ever shown himself a man of considerable personal courage and resolution; his fortitude and presence of mind had been proved exemplary in many incidents of his life; but on this event he seemed to have totally lost those valuable qualities. He was sitting with my mother at the moment the wizard monk (for such was the appellation father Theodosius received from the multitude) was announced. It was midnight, and the family were on the point of retiring to rest. The servant, whose affright almost prevented his articulating the name of the guest, was necessitated to repeat it twice, before my father had so far recovered from the sudden horror, with which the news appeared to strike him, as to give any answer to the message: at

length turning to the man, he asked with a wildness of terror and rage, why he suffered him to enter the outer gates of the castle? The trembling domestic answered, no one had suffered any such thing; for the great bell in the outer hall having sounded in a most awful manner, and chilled the very hearts of the servants below, a few of them, among which was himself, had ventured to enter it, to discover the cause, when to their inexpressible surprise they perceived the monk standing in the centre with a lighted torch. He addressed them in a voice the most peculiar they had ever heard, and demanded an audience with their lord. The marquis stood for many minutes under the most violent emotions of dismay: his anxiety increased that of my mother: she requested he would refuse the desired interview, or at least receive the guest in the midst of his own people. This proposition, however, he seemed equally averse to, as to see him at all. The bell in the hall again sounded. The marquis was scarcely able to break from his wife, who attempted to detain him; he snatched the lamp which the ser-

vant held in his hand, and precipitately flew to his visitor. My mother followed him to the staircase: she saw him enter the hall, and waited under the most dreadful expectation for his return. The form of the priest in a short time glided past the folding doors below, followed by the marquis. Instead of ascending towards the habitable apartments, they proceeded down an arched passage which led to the east chambers. The marchioness screamed in agony as the last gleam from the flaming torch which Theodosius held faintly dispelled the gloom which enveloped their figures. The domestics, equally alarmed with herself, hurried round her in confusion, and it was a considerable time before she recovered her senses so far as to recollect the situation of her husband. Her sensations were then most poignant; she begged, she entreated the servants to proceed to the east chambers in search of their lord: but her solicitations were in vain; the poor wretches were already petrified with fear; no reward of whatever magnitude could have tempted them to go beyond the passage where the monk and the

marquis were last seen. The marchioness was herself going to follow them: but they prevented her, and after much persuasion she was prevailed upon to retire to her chamber. Several hours passed under a most anxious solicitation for the safety of her husband, which almost drove her to madness. The dreadful tales which had been circulated respecting those apartments, the late strange, mysterious, and alarming behaviour of the marquis since he was discovered within them, and his unaccountable resolution of entirely abandoning that part of the castle, served to increase her apprehensions and distress. The peculiar horrid appearance of the monk, as he passed, left an impression on her memory never to be erased: his figure floated before her eyes the whole night; sleep was banished from her pillow; while the servants watched in a body the return of their lord at the entrance of the passage through which he had followed his guest. A short time before day-break they perceived him advancing from the further end: they at first shrunk back with horror; they supposed the priest would

follow, but to their great relief they saw him not, while they received their master with the greatest joy. He passed them with hasty steps, his looks were wild and haggard, and he appeared to be totally unconscious that they surrounded him. With great precipitation he immediately proceeded to his chamber, and received in his arms his almost senseless wife. The excessive agitation of my mother, on his return, prevented her for some time from making any inquiry concerning his audience with the priests. When however she requested some information on that subject, his distress increased, he assured her at present all was well, but declared she could not be acquainted with the purport of his interview that evening with father Theodosius, while he drew from her a solemn promise that she would never again urge him on that point. On the following day the servants were commanded by their lord by no means to publish the transactions of the over-night out of his family. He observed that the minds of the people of Madrid were already fermented enough with the strange

tales respecting the wizard monk, and he by no means wished to increase them. He attempted to make light of the visit he had received, and the consequences of it ; but his inward emotions were too visible to pass unnoticed ; and although his caution to keep the affair private was attempted to be given in a manner which implied no particular wish of his own as to the result, still his anxiety on the performance of his request was easily to be discovered. His commands had little effect ; it was shortly whispered through the city, that the supernatural priest had visited the castle of Olvernardo : and the buzz of astonishment and wonder increased, from this additional source for anticipation. The king's curiosity was again raised ; he requested a private interview with my father, and they were closeted together many hours. For several months after this interview he behaved with a coolness towards the marquis, which seemed to threaten sudden disgrace, and it was daily expected his displeasure would be made public. After some time, however, he gradually became reconciled, and his attach-

ment has ever since continued without interruption. The disposition of my father received a total change after these strange events; a settled melancholy continually pervaded his features; and his health appeared slowly to decline. His temper, which had ever been mild and amiable, became irritable at every little circumstance that crossed his inclinations; at times he was even morose and uncivil. Four years elapsed, and the marquis's malady rather increased than diminished. During this time father Theodosius was generally considered as a regular brother of the holy order of St. Mark; but his person, manners, and, above all, his uncommon and sudden appearance in Madrid, at once rendered him an object neither beloved nor revered. Another event which happened during this period revived the alarm concerning the eastern part of the castle, which had for some time gradually subsided. One of the domestics, whose sleeping room was situated opposite to the right wing, asserted that he one night (a few minutes after he heard the midnight bell from the tower of St. Mark's mo-

nastery) plainly perceived a figure pass along the terrace that extended round the front, which glided under a porch at the extremity. It was in vain my father exerted the most austere manners to demand that they would cease to circulate such idle reports, which not only agitated his own family, but tended to inflame the minds of the commonalty of Madrid. The servant declared a second time he witnessed a similar appearance, and he was discharged for his audacity. This was the most impolitic method the marquis could have taken. The former tales of the eastern chambers revived with rapidity, and the discharged domestic became an object of general commiseration. At this period, likewise, the regular confessor to our family died, and father Theodosius, to the astonishment of my mother and the whole city, was appointed by my father in his place. On his introduction to our castle under his new office, his behaviour appeared in every respect to correspond with his character. To the solemnity of his deportment was added a peculiar reserve, which seemed to impress a general idea of his

superiority. The tone of his voice was hollow and awful, his language classically chaste and elegant, his manner austere, rigid, and forbidding. The behaviour between him and my father was exactly the same on his first entrance into our family as it has since continued. A coolness, a distaste towards each other, was the most striking feature in their intimacy: so far from the ties of friendship being the cause, their hatred seemed mutual, every effort of common civility appeared forced, every action that conferred benefit was apparently the work of compulsion. It is not to be supposed that under such circumstances father Theodosius could find many friends in the castle of Olvernardo: his daily appearance caused a general gloom; his absence dissipated it with gleams of returning pleasure. In the course of a few years an accusation was suddenly brought against him by the brotherhood of St. Mark, on a supposition of his connexion with the infernal enemy of mankind: this accusation contained several charges against him for having a knowledge in

magic, and exercising its diabolical powers. It was said he had been seen at midnight in situations the most strange and mysterious ; that by certain preparations he had raised vapours from various and secret drugs, through which the most horrid shapes and appearances had been discovered. It was alleged that he had worked upon the minds of several of the brotherhood of the holy order, by devilish incantations ; that they had experienced sensations of a most dreadful nature, which they would prove to originate from his supernatural agency. It was universally supposed that he would have been delivered over to the powers of the Inquisition, but through the interest of my father he was rescued from the cognizance of that fatal court. He was however totally discarded from the monastery of St. Mark, and consequently became a more constant inhabitant of the castle. From that time to the present period his manners have continued uniformly the same. He is a general object of terror and disgust ; even the children of the city fly from him with affright, while their parents stand appalled

in his presence. Nor does he use any exertion to obviate the dislike he universally inspires; on the contrary, he seems to carry in his heart an enmity to the whole human race, which he in no respect attempts to conceal.

“The melancholy of my father seems hourly to increase, he secretes the source in his own bosom, and it must in all probability bring him to the grave.

“The discovery of this casket has opened another anecdote in the history of father Theodosius. That in this strange letter he addresses the female companion whom you observed with him at the solitary inn there is little doubt; but from whence she came, or where he has placed her, is to me totally unknown. I never before heard that he claimed a relationship to any being upon earth: he has several times been absent from the castle for many days together; but, as his character is composed of eccentricities and mystery, his sudden disappearances have been considered as no ways striking.

“I have thus related to you,” continued Albert, “those extraordinary events which

have served for some years past, at different intervals, to agitate the people of Madrid, and to cast a veil of mystery on our family. From what secret arises the strange connexion between the marquis and father Theodosius I am wholly at a loss to define; and while we mournfully watch the gradual decline of his health, we neither have the means of alleviating his misery, nor even the power of condolence."

"I must sincerely sympathise in your distress," answered Osmund; "but surely some exertions might be used to discover more relative to this supernatural monk. You cannot be a convert to his artful insinuations of possessing powers different from the generality of his fellow creatures."

"I know not what to believe," exclaimed Albert; "I am almost distracted with doubts; and if ever you require me to be serious, you have only to commence this subject, and I shall instantly become one of the most grave mortals in existence."

The late conversation fully proved this remark: he appeared, while reciting the before-mentioned events, to have lost all his

vivacity, while his feelings seemed susceptible to the most heart-felt sorrow.

“In what manner shall I act with respect to the casket?” said Osmund. “To retain it would be injustice; and yet I know not how to dispose of it, without I convey it to the priest.”

“By no means,” answered Albert: “there is nothing within it to distress the owner for its immediate possession, and we may perhaps in time discover the lovely incognita.—Gracious heaven!” he exclaimed, “she may be confined by this enchanter within the gloomy walls of some desolate castle; she may languish under his power; she may solicit heaven for the aid of some daring youth to deliver her from his tyranny. Who knows but we may be the instruments of her freedom? that after a little peril we may gloriously present her to the world, as a talisman which has been recovered by the efforts of chivalry, and receive from her bright eyes those soft refulgent beams of grateful pleasure which are the most enviable rewards to a true knight?”

Osmund smiled at the vehemence of the

young enthusiast, who, during this rhapsody, relapsed under his usual romantic ideas. The former agreed to assist him in any exertions that might be necessary to discover the owner of the casket, and faithfully promised the circumstances he had related should be carefully concealed within his own bosom.

Being now interrupted by the entrance of signior Zadok and Orlando, they proceeded to the saloon. The marquis was not returned, but several visitors were announced; among which were Don Everard de Gosmond and his daughter, the Duke de Brevon, and Don Silvius de Roseverez. The conversation became general, trifling, and uninteresting.

END OF VOL. I.



This book is given special protection for the reason indicated below:

Autograph	Giftbook
Association	Illustration
Condition	Miniature book
Cost	✓ Original binding or covers
Edition	Presentation
Fine binding	Scarcity
Format	Subject

